HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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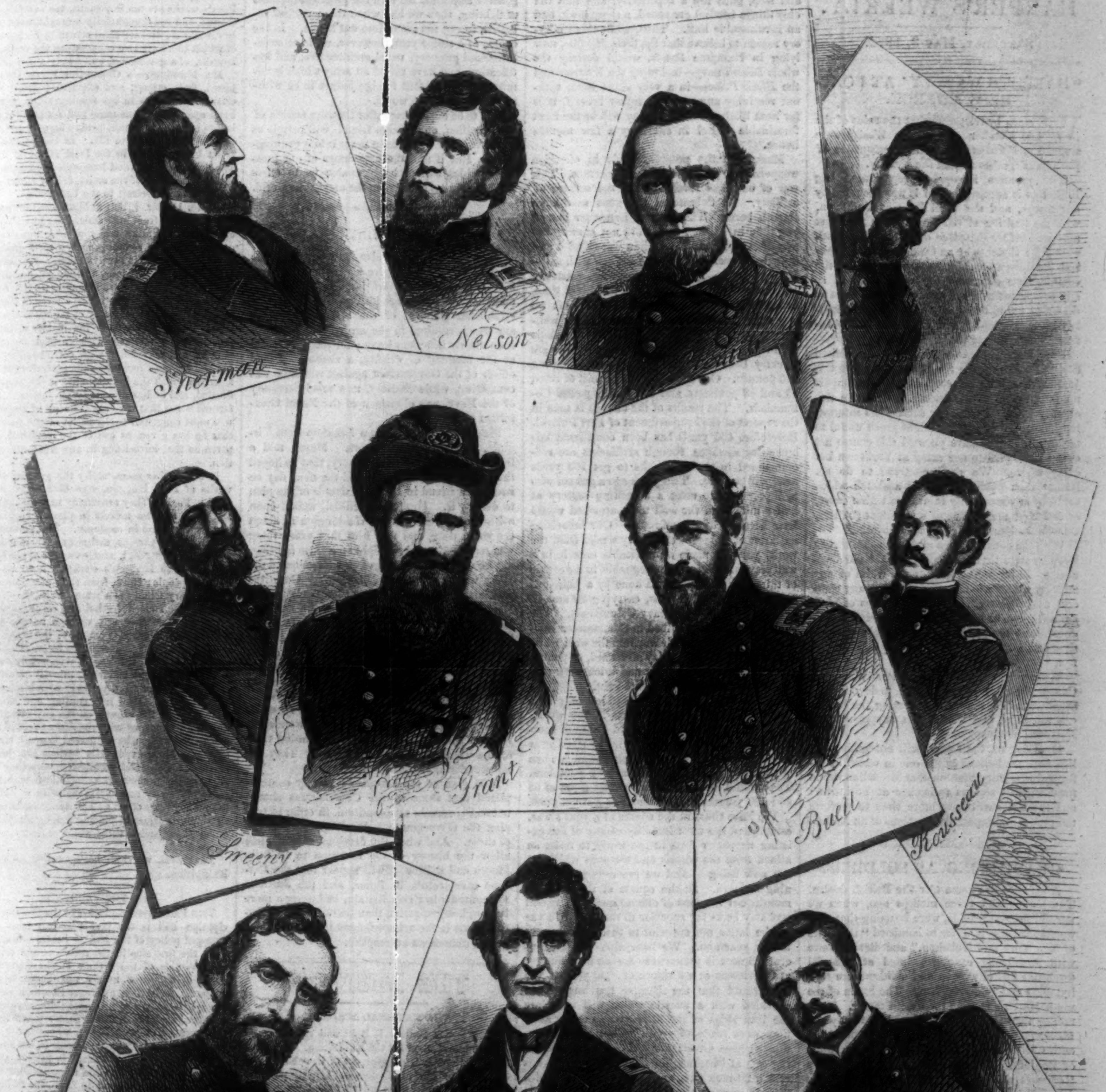

Sherman
Nelson
Sweeny
Grant
Buell
Rousseau
McClernand
W. H. L. Wallace
McCook

THE HEROES OF THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

OUR SUCCESS.

THE regular circulation of *Harper's Weekly* is now between ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE and ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND copies. Assuming that each number of the paper is read by ten persons—a moderate estimate—a million and a quarter people derive instruction and amusement from this journal. It affords us no little satisfaction to witness this success. Certainly we may say that no effort on our part has been wanting to deserve it.

Our weekly expenses for traveling artists are alone as heavy as our total outlay for artistic labor used to be when *Harper's Weekly* was first established. This outlay, however, enables us to depict, week by week, the progress of our arms along the whole circumference of the Rebellion, with a fidelity and vividness seldom equaled.

We are besides enabled to lay before our readers each week several pages of the best reading of the day, including the works of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer. So remarkable a combination of artistic and literary excellences has never been presented in any journal, either in this country or abroad.

We think that this Number, for instance, will bear comparison with any number of any paper ever produced in the United States or in Europe.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT FORTRESS MONROE.

We learn by telegraph that the sales of the last Number of *Harper's Weekly* were stopped at Fortress Monroe in consequence of pictures of Yorktown and the vicinity.

The pictures inculpated represented Big Bethel as it appeared when it was occupied by our troops, and the rebel lines at Yorktown, with the position of our forces when they first appeared before the place on 7th April. Both were from sketches by an Officer of Topographical Engineers, and were sanctioned by the commanding officer of the corps. Both, as any competent military man could see, were so drawn as not to reveal any position permanently occupied by our forces, or to convey any information whatever to the enemy.

Ever since the contest between the United States forces and the rebels became grave this journal has been so conducted as to impart no information to the enemy. We have frequently withheld from our subscribers interesting pictures, for fear they might prove useful to the traitors. We have pursued this course not only with regard to our army at Yorktown but every where. We shall continue to do so. Rather than publish a line or a sketch which could by any possibility injure the Union cause, or endanger the success of our gallant soldiers, we would suppress this journal altogether.

With the consciousness of this purpose we beg leave to state that we shall not allow our business to be interfered with at the whim of any military officer whomsoever, and that any General who undertakes to stop the sales of *Harper's Weekly*, or to interfere with its circulation, does so at his peril. We shall hold him responsible for damages before a jury of his country.

We recommend Brigadier-General Wool, and Censor A.D.C. De Witt Clinton, to devote more attention to the duty of suppressing the Southern rebellion, and less to the suppression of Northern newspapers.

By doing so, the former will not again publish such predictions as the one in which he informed Secretary Stanton that M'Clellan would meet with no serious resistance at Yorktown: and the latter will have more time to perform the proper and reputable functions of an A.D.C.

GRADUATING AS SOLDIERS.

A CHANGE has come o'er the British dream. The bullies who, three months ago, when we were in deepest trouble, were boasting that they would send the *Warrior* to bombard "the cities of New York and Hoboken," and dictate peace with Armstrong cannon pointed at peaceful dwellings full of women and children, are now humbled and panic-stricken. The battle of the ninth March has filled them with terror. They realize that that battle destroyed, not only the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*, but likewise the entire British navy; that the "wooden walls of England" are gone; that the British Navy "consists of two ships, the *Warrior* and the *Black Prince*," both probably failures; and that, in all probability, before New Year 1863 the United States and France will both be as superior to Great Britain at sea as they now are on land. Under the pressure of these distressing reflections John Bull has set to work to build *Monitors* on the plan of Captain Ericsson, taking care, after his usual fashion, to claim our gallant countryman's invention for an Englishman of the name of Coles.

We think we may safely say that the panic which appears to be prevailing in London in consequence of the performance of the *Monitor* is only the first of a series of fits which this war of ours is destined to occasion in Europe.

In the first place, the *Monitor* is only an experiment, and by the time Great Britain has spent a few millions in building copies of her, a very improved model will probably have been adopted here. The six Ericsson batteries which are now being constructed for Government are greatly superior in many respects to the antagonist of the *Merrimac*. Another fight will suggest further improvements. In the course of the next sixty days the *Galena*, the *Roanoke*, and the *Kensington* will have been under fire, and will have taught us further lessons. It may be that the *Monitor*, though capable of coping with a rude product of Southern skill like the *Merrimac*, will be found inferior to one or all of these vessels. Captain Ericsson himself does not regard his model as a "finality," though it is obviously a step in advance of previous models. There are many competent sailors and naval authorities who deem the *Vanderbilt* the most formidable war vessel afloat in our waters. Commodore Porter, now in command of the mortar fleet at New Orleans, is understood to have declared, ten years ago, that he would undertake to fight any ship-of-the-line with the old *George Law*, which was lost in 1858, and which carried no guns at all. It may turn out that, for all purposes of naval combats between ship and ship, guns are a superfluity, and that the only things needful are speed, a sharp beak, and an invulnerable hull. Thus, while there is every reason to believe that the little *Monitor*, now lying in Hampton Roads, would destroy the whole British navy—including the *Warrior* and the *Black Prince*—in a very short time, without receiving any material injury herself, it is far from likely that the *Monitor* will be the most formidable vessel in our navy a few months hence.

Meanwhile the progress made in offensive weapons is as great as in defensive armor. This war of ours has revolutionized the science of artillery. At Sebastopol the guns used were smooth bores. There was a Lancaster gun at one time in battery, but it did not answer and was discarded. In the Italian war rifled 4 and 6 pounders were used by the French with satisfactory results. In the Chinese war Armstrong 12-pounders were used for short periods of time, and their performance was well spoken of: no opportunity offered for discovering their well-known defects. We are now arming our ships with rifled 100-pounders; the new *Monitors* are to carry 15-inch guns, throwing balls weighing 500 pounds. Our siege batteries consist of rifled 30 and 40 pounders, and 68 and 100 pound Columbiads. The results of the change is seen in the reports of the bombardment of Fort Pulaski. Heretofore 400 yards has been considered fair breaching distance, though artillerists are recommended in the text-books to get 100 yards nearer if possible. Two years ago a gunner who had proposed to erect a breaching battery at half a mile from the wall to be attacked would have been set down as insane. Our breaching batteries at Pulaski were nearly a mile from the work, yet they made a practicable breach, in a wall previously deemed impregnable, in the course of thirty hours. This was done by a judicious combination of rifled guns, carrying 30 and 40 pound shot, and very heavy Columbiads. The former, as is well described in Commander Rodgers's report, bored their way into the wall, while the latter, coming into play afterward, so pounded the honey-combed stone and brick work that it gave way and crumbled into ruin.

This bombardment demolished not only Fort Pulaski, but all the stone forts in the world. Not a fort in Europe could stand 48 hours' bombardment by a combination of heavy rifled guns and Columbiads. They were well enough when opposed to smooth 18, 24, and 32 pounders. They would crumble directly under a fire of 68 and 100 pounders from James or Parrott guns.

We have thus, in the course of a year's war, established the utter inability of any of the existing navies or forts in the world to resist an attack from the vessels and weapons which we are now using And we are only just beginning to learn. In the course of the next six months our weapons of offense and defense will probably be as far superior to those now in use as the latter are superior to those which were used a year ago. We hear already that General Gilmore is prepared to breach Fort Sumter at Charleston at a distance of 2000 yards. We understand that the *Monitor* has lately been provided with a missile which will penetrate the iron sides of the *Merrimac* as easily as if they were made of wood. Captain Rodman, under whose direction six 15-inch guns are being cast at Pittsburg for the new *Monitors*, has cast a 20-inch gun, and is experimenting with 30-inch guns; he expects to cast guns for coast defense which will throw a ball weighing *three thousand pounds*. Should the *Warrior*, in the course of her attempt to bombard "New York and Hoboken," come in contact with one of these little missiles, it would be a matter of difficulty, ten minutes afterward, to find out what had become of her, or where she was when her voyage was abruptly terminated.

In the opinion of a Prussian officer who recently left this country, there is no army in the world so completely equipped, in regard to artillery and rifles, as the army of the Potomac. There are picked regiments in France and in Germany as well armed as any of ours. And there are batteries of artillery in many countries equal to any thing on this side the ocean. But nowhere in the world, except on the Potomac, does there exist a body of 200,000 men *all* armed with the best possible weapons, or a park of 400 pieces of light artillery, *all* perfect and of the best make and most effective character. This Prussian officer declared that the Emperor Napoleon had no such army under his command. He might have added that no army but ours possesses such a corp as the Berdan sharp-shooters, with their telescopic rifles. The sharp-shooting in the Crimea and in Italy was mere boy's play in comparison with the performance of the men of this regiment, who pick off gunners at a distance when their forms can barely be descried by the naked eye. In the words of Colonel Lysons—probably the most experienced officer of the British army—"as soon as the regimental officers in the army of the Potomac become more efficient—a matter of time—that army will be *simply irresistible*."

The Americans have not been a fighting people for many years. The Mexican war was a diversion, and did not excite the people at large. Not since 1812 has the whole popular mind been directed to military pursuits. No people in the world had less knowledge of real warfare, or less general acquaintance with the practical business of fighting, than we had when this wretched rebellion forced the sword into our hands. In the course of a single year, however, we have revolutionized gunnery, naval architecture, and fortification, and have raised an army which is admitted by competent foreign judges to be without an equal in the world.

It is to be hoped that, after the suppression of the rebellion, our foreign friends will permit us to convert our sword once more into a pruning-hook. But if not, the experience of our present troubles will probably enable us to effect some important changes in the map of the world.

YULEE'S LETTER.

THE letter of Mr. Yulee, late Senator from Florida, of which we give a *fac-simile* on page 278, is by far the most important published document in the secret history of the war. It establishes the fact of the elaborate conspiracy which resulted in the armed rebellion. It is an utterly infamous letter; for the writer was, at the moment of writing, a sworn and paid officer of the Government against which he was conspiring, while Mallory, now rebel Secretary of the Navy, was chairman of the Naval Committee of the Senate.

Mason and Hunter, then Senators from Virginia, were also conspirators. Mason told a friend, in the middle of February, that he hoped the Union could be saved, and the next day he wrote to a friend in Paris the details of the plan to destroy it. Hunter and Slidell waited upon a Northern gentleman in Washington at about the same time, and told him that every thing was ready—that there might be a little fighting, but no serious work—that Pennsylvania and the West would adopt the Montgomery Constitution, and New York would not long delay, while New England might be left out of the reorganized government, or admitted as a single State. This course was also urged openly or covertly by certain newspapers in some Northern cities. The Vice-President, Breckinridge, another conspirator, sneeringly asked Andrew Johnson, in Washington, whether he thought the Government could coerce States? Even the most patriotic citizens could not help at least wondering whether there would be an overwhelming rally of the whole North for the Union. They did not wonder after the fall of Sumter.

The plan of the conspiracy clearly contemplated that some of the Confederates should nominally remain uncommitted, in order to perplex the Government. Breckinridge was one of these. And when the developments of Time allow the history of the rebellion to be fully known and written, it will appear that the Catiline conspirators in Rome, and the Jacobite malcontents in Great Britain, had never a more thorough organization than that of which Jefferson Davis is the acknowledged head, and Yulee proves himself an accomplice.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

THE Derby Gallery is light and spacious, and an admirable room for the Exhibition. There are two smaller rooms opening out of it, one of which is lighted by gas, which does not help the pictures. The general effect upon entering the large room is bright and agreeable, and it is enhanced by the pleasant anticipation which always invests pictures which are yet to be seen. The impression upon leaving is one of disappointment.

That impression must be understood, of course, of the general effect. There are very fine pictures in the Exhibition—some of the best portraits, for instance, that we have ever had—but it has evidently not been a very happy year for painters. The war itself has not inspired many works. Mr. Gifford's Sunday Morning in the Camp of the Seventh Regiment near Washington (104) is the chief of these, and it is remarkable for the fidelity with which the personality of the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Weston, is rendered. This Lounger has seen that gentleman but once, and in the picture his back is to the spectator, but the individuality of the man is unmistakable. Mr. Gifford is one of the artists who, during the year, have preserved the traditions of Michael Angelo, by patriotic service under canvas as well as on it.

The first of the large portraits is Mr. Hicks's full-length of Dr. Cogswell, late chief of the Astor Library (14). He is sitting in the Library, holding a book. The picture should be studied from across the room, and it will then be seen that it is one of the most admirable works of the painter. The likeness is capital. The accessories are remarkable. They are painted with great fidelity and propriety of detail: the books are books, the carpet is carpet, the wood is wood. The clothes of the worthy subject, however, seem rather too shining for broadcloth—and yet the true bibliophile has always been noted, like the angels, for shining garments. So characteristic and satisfactory a portrait as this of the famous Librarian of the Astor ought certainly to belong to the Library. Side by side with a good likeness of the founder, it would go down to the respect and interest of posterity, for whom Astor devised and Cogswell collected and arranged. It is properly a historic portrait, and its fit place is the Astor Library. No. 44 is Page's portrait of Collector Barney, a picture full of power and skill, but, from some reason, not pleasing. The likeness is excellent, but the accessories are disagreeable. Where he is, or what he is doing, it would be difficult to say. But Mr. Page's works are too important, too carefully considered, and too thoughtfully wrought, to be hastily dismissed; and we shall return to his portraits, of which there are two others upon the walls, full-lengths, of a gentleman, and a lady and a child

Mr. Huntington's Chancellor Ferris (58) is a broad, free, strong, and effective portrait. The Chancellor stands in his flowing robes, with his hand upon an antique tome and a stained window before him. The frank, benign dignity of expression is simply true to life. In the painting the artist has not been in the least afraid of purple. The coloring is rich and harmonious, and the work is a fine specimen of the artist, full of talent, and a most valuable portrait to the University.

In No. 111 Mr. Elliott exhibits the best portrait that we recall from his hands. He has a uniform excellence. Unlike many artists, authors, and orators, who are sometimes very good and sometimes bad, Elliott is always good. The spectator is always sure of vigor, brilliancy, and fidelity. But in this portrait there is a subtlety that he does not always show. The incisive force of character in the subject, the maturity of sagacity, alertness, and prudence which mark the master of his calling, have been seized with enthusiasm by the painter, and reproduced with corresponding skill. He had the good fortune in the portrait of treating a face in which the individuality is thoroughly indicated, and he has done it ample justice. It was fortunate too that the very coloring of the subject was most congenial to the pallet of the painter, so that he has given us one of the most real, living portraits that have hung in any Academy exhibition.

In the farther room, under the gas, are sixteen works of Paul Duggan, who died a few months since in Paris. They are chiefly portrait drawings, and there are two models in plaster, curious and elaborate studies in anatomy. The portraits are of well-known persons, and most of them will have a three-fold interest to many visitors of the Exhibition: first, as Duggan's works; second, as heads of noted people; third, from their association with the Century Club, upon whose walls they habitually hang. Indeed, in that dim corner of the Exhibition where they are, we can hardly see the drawings for Darley's portrait of the artist which hangs among them. How often before the pictures of the Exhibition that slight, wan, partly stooping figure stood silent and rapt, intently gazing and calmly discriminating, yet ever with kindness and sweet humor! How inly smiling and cordial he stole through the crowds on the gay evening and in the old rooms, as with the same cheerful silence and genial sympathy he passed through the press of life to his grave! His patient life, his quiet heroism, his cheerful submission, were they not all signs of the permanent satisfactions of that keen sense of beauty and sympathy with it which are the mainsprings of art? The Academy have obeyed a pious instinct in placing among the paintings of our living artists these works of their brother so lately dead.

Next week we shall have another look at the Exhibition.

FORWARD!

THE President's signature to the District Emancipation Bill is the first practical proof of the changed policy of the United States Government. It is the first step in the return to the principles and practice of the fathers of the Constitution. Their opinion was nearly unanimous upon this subject. Believing, as Roger Sherman said that the spirit of the age was abolishing slavery they supposed that the different States would complete the work. Innocent Roger, who did not foresee the cotton gin! The testimony to the spirit and intention of our Government is perfect, and that there might be no possible mistake what kind of Government they meant to form, the fathers took good care to say expressly that it was "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

The most striking testimony to the anti-slavery feeling of the fathers of the country was given by A. H. Stephens, the rebel Vice-President, in his speech, upon retiring from Congress, at Augusta in June, 1859. He said: "In my judgment there are more thinking men at the North now who look upon our system of slavery as right—socially, morally, and politically—than there were even at the South thirty years ago. The leading public men of the South in our early history were almost all against it. Jefferson was against it; Madison was against it; nearly all of them were against it. This I freely admit when the authority of their names is cited. It was a question which they did not, and perhaps could not, thoroughly understand at that time."

Perhaps not; but these are the men who made our Government, and "nearly all of them" were against slavery. Whoever, therefore, administers the Government in their spirit will be "against" it, and work against it, and take good care that the Government is kept free from its pollution. And all the more strenuously will they work when they see that the indication of a popular desire to return to the old faith and practice has been clutched as the excuse of bloody revolution.

The work is begun, and when the sun is stopped in the sky it may be stayed. The work is begun, and resting, as it does, upon the national conviction of justice and policy, it will go on to its sublime completion. A year has passed since Sumter fell; and already a treaty for the more effectual suppression of the foreign slave-trade is negotiated with England—for the first time in our history a slave-trader has been hung—by express law the disability of color is removed from mail-carriers—slavery has been abolished in the District of Columbia—and at the President's suggestion, by an overwhelming vote in Congress, the national policy of the fathers, of Washington and Jefferson, of Franklin and Jay, of Adams and Madison, is restored to the Government. Moreover, the President proposes to Congress to recognize Hayti—the officers of the army are forbidden to return slaves escaping from the civil chaos which their masters have occasioned—and the unconstitutional rigors of the Fugitive Slave Law are proposed to be ameliorated.

Let no timid soul fear rashness of action. In the President of the United States Providence has vouchsafed a leader whose moral perceptions are blinded neither by sophistry nor enthusiasm—who knows that permanent results must grow, and can not be prematurely seized—a man who, whatever he has not, has that inestimable common sense which is the last best gift of Heaven to all who are clothed with great authority.

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS.

"Louisville, Kentucky

"Dear Lounger,—I am angry with you, but you must not resent it until you hear the reason and decide the merits of the cause. I am jealous of the praise you bestow upon the brave troops of every State of the Union, without ever as much as mentioning my countrymen—the Germans—or giving them credit for a single brave action, and you know the latter are not few. Let me state to you a few facts. In the first place, we come here to better our condition, and to be free; and, I think, you will acknowledge that a more law-abiding and patriotic element is not found in our country.

"When this rebellion broke out we volunteered our full quota to the ranks. Just take, as example, the State of Missouri. In St. Louis, out of a population of 160,000, 60,000 are Germans. These have furnished three-fourths of all troops raised in Missouri. Two-thirds of the principal men in St. Louis (Germans excepted) are Secessionists; but they were kept at bay by the Germans under the old flag. And through hard trials these patriots have gone. Three times were the Home Guards of St. Louis attacked by the mob, but stood their ground well. For a time no soldier in uniform could go single through the streets of the city without danger of assassination. One by one did the first Volunteers go to the Arsenal, to fill the regiments that were recruited there by Siegel, Blair, Boernstein, Osterhaus, and others, under our lamented Lyon. Nobly have they done their duty every where. Hardly an engagement but the Germans have had their representives there. Do you remember Carthage—how General Siegel, with 1500 Germans, whipped 8000 rebels? Have you forgotten Max Weber at Hatteras Inlet, Willich at Rowlett's Station, or the Ninth Ohio at Mill Spring, or Blenker's division at Bull Run, and the crowning victory at Pea Ridge, which was so largely due to our own Siegel? I think it is not right to ignore so entirely the services of an adopted population of about seven and a half millions of our twenty-three millions. I am your constant reader, and hold your views of this war as correct and most prophetic. I do sincerely believe the end will be according to your predictions; for they are just and right. If a man kicks up a fuss let him bear the consequences. The leaders in the South will have to answer for many tears shed for the loved ones who will never return from the bloody battle-field; but to the sword have they appealed, and by the sword must they be punished."

The Lounger publishes the preceding letter with the greatest pleasure. He would be a poor American indeed who did not with all his heart acknowledge the patient and successful valor of the patriot soldiers of German birth or descent. But the Lounger's correspondent will understand that in America all citizens are Americans. General Siegel, Colonel Corcoran, General Burnside, stand side by side in this war, through weal and woe, simply as what they all are, American citizens and soldiers. The effort to discriminate nationalities among citizens can have no possible good result. There is no fear but that they will be sufficiently remembered. All that the Nation asks to-day, as all that she ought ever to ask, is, Is this man honest and capable, and is he loyal?

The Lounger's correspondent will therefore believe that it is not through any unmindfulness of the bravery of the soldiers of German descent, but merely because as an American he knows no German, no Frenchman, no Irishman, and no Italian among his fellow-citizens, that he has not commended soldiers *as* German, Irish, French, or Italian. He, with the whole country, acknowledges with grateful admiration and pride that no name in this war is more illustrious than that of Franz Siegel.

WORDS ARE THINGS.

One of the morning papers spoke lately of "the States composing the Confederacy," meaning the Union. Why not say Union, then, since the very political question that underlies the war is whether we are a Confederacy or a Union—in other words, a nation. If the United States are a Confederacy, the war is, to say the least, expensive and unwise. That they are so, has been always the doctrine of the Southern political doctors; for, foreseeing the present conflict, they have always sought to wean the Southern mind from patriotism. The Union, in the Southern view, is a Confederacy of equal States; the Constitution is a treaty, and the system a dissoluble partnership. It is, in the Southern view, only a new form of the old Confederation.

But in civil war words are things; and for the same reason that Mr. Lincoln would not address Jefferson Davis as His Excellency the President of the Confederate States of America, ought all loyal citizens and papers to use words which can not be misconstrued. Our political system is neither a League nor a Confederacy: it is a national Union, whose law is the law paramount of every State. It is a form new in history. It is truly a Republic, both one and many. To call it a system in which States compose a Confederacy is to misunderstand and misrepresent it.

GOOD AND GREAT TRAITORS.

The Richmond *Enquirer* says that all "the best intellects of the Cotton States have been excluded from public affairs." On the other hand, Jefferson Davis, in his Message to his Congress congratulating them upon the retreat of their soldiers at Pittsburg Landing and the death of General Sydney Johnston, alludes to "the shining host of the great and good who now cluster around the banner of our country." Unless, therefore, there is a vital difference of opinion between Davis and the *Enquirer*, this greatness and goodness are of the purely moral kind, untainted with intellect.

Upon reflection, as all the leaders who cluster around that drooping and faintly-flapping banner are as good as they are great and as great as they are good, it is not easy to discriminate the purely good from the exclusively great. To which category, for instance, does Floyd, that Ajax of the shining host, belong? Or Pillow? Or Wigfall? Or Roger Pryor? Or Yancey? Or Judah Benjamin? Or Pickens? Or Pettus? Or Magoffin? Or Letcher? Or Slidell? Or Mason? Or Toombs? Or Polk? Or Keitt? Or Rhett? Or Spratt?

The question is, which of these great men are also the good men, or which of all these good men are not equally great? Can it possibly be true that the *Enquirer* is right, and that the best intellects have been excluded? Or are these the names of the best intellects that consent to this infamous rebellion?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A true Picture of Despair.—A pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that lies a few inches beyond his reach.

If a man is murdered by his hired men, should the coroner render a verdict of killed by his own hands?

"Haven't you finished scaling that fish yet, Sam?" said a fishmonger to his boy. "No, master, it's a very large one." "Why, you have had time to scale a mountain."

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression, "He's gone to pot."

A dull and plausible man, like an unrifled gun, is a smooth bore.

"The dear little things!" said an old nurse, of her mistress's twin-children; "one looks so much like both, you can't tell t'other from which!"

Many a man who is proud to be quarter-master has a wife at home who is whole master.

Woman's Grief.—A stingy husband.

Woman's Crowning Glory.—Her bonnet.

Children are generally very noisy, but we must except the children of the brain, who do not often make so much noise in the world as their fond parents desire.

Hopeless old maidenhood or bachelorhood is matchless misery.

A dentist advertises that he inserts teeth cheaper than any body else. He might find a bull-dog who would do it still cheaper.

A poor fellow who had spent scores of pounds at the bar drinking, one day asked the landlord to trust him with a glass of liquor. "No," was the surly reply; "I never make a practice of doing such things." The man turned to a by-stander and said, "Sir, will you lend me a sixpence?" "Certainly," was the reply. The landlord with alacrity placed the glass before the man, who swallowed its contents, then, handing the money to the lender, said, "Here, Sir, is the sixpence I owe you. I make it a point, degraded as I am, always to pay borrowed money before I pay my spirit bill."

Britannia's breast with pity swells for slaves!
Their wrongs are ne'er forgotten:
Poor maid! we fear her bosom swells
Are but the rise and fall of cotton.

"This is really the tour [tower] of Babel," as the old bachelor said when he walked round the nursery.

It has been ascertained that the man who "held on to the last" was a shoemaker.

"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said when the boy stuck him on the end of a needle.

The man who makes a boast of extraordinary shrewdness hasn't got a particle.

A man swallowed a set of teeth lately, and the last accounts of him stated he was experiencing, as was to be expected, a terrible gnawing at the stomach.

Some persons shame the devil, not by speaking the truth, but by outlying him.

Why are umbrellas like pancakes?—Because they are seldom seen after Lent.

A ducking in cold water destroys the temper of hot steel, but increases that of a fiery woman.

The human race, like an auctioneer's goods, are always going—going—gone.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ For an account of the Bombardment of Fort Pulaski see page 278.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, April 15, in the Senate, Senator Grimes introduced a bill prescribing the qualifications of electors in the City of Washington, which was laid over. Senator M'Dougall called up the resolution calling upon the Secretary of War for information relative to the arrest of General Stone, and made a long speech in vindication of that officer. Senator Wade replied. The resolution finally went over. The Senate soon afterward went into executive session.——In the House, Mr. Trowbridge called up a motion, heretofore made by him, to reconsider the vote by which the House adopted a resolution asking the Secretary of War for information as to the delay in exchanging Colonel Corcoran, and directing him to stop all exchanges until Colonel Corcoran should be released. After considerable debate, the resolution was amended so as to include Colonel Wilcox and other prisoners. The bill to regulate the franking privilege was considered. On motion of Mr. Colfax, who explained that the Post-office Committee, with one exception, were all in favor of the entire abolition of the privilege, in accordance with the provisions of the bill now before the Senate, the bill was laid on the table, 58 to 48.

On Wednesday, April 16, in the Senate, Senator Hale withdrew his resignation of the chairmanship of the Naval Committee. Bills providing a Territorial government for Kanawha (Western Virginia), and for the enforcement of the laws of the United States, were referred. Senator M'Dougall continued his remarks respecting the arrest of General Stone, and opposed the adoption of the motion calling on the President for information on the subject instead of the Secretary of War. The Confiscation bill was then taken up, and Senator Powell, of Kentucky, spoke against it. The death of Mr. Cooper, representative of the Seventh district of Pennsylvania, was announced, and the customary resolutions of condolence adopted. The President sent a special message to both Houses of Congress announcing his approval of the act abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. The President appointed ex-Mayor Berret of Washington, Hon. Samuel F. Vinton of Ohio, and Daniel R. Goodloe, formerly of North Carolina, Commissioners to determine the validity and value of the claims presented under the act of emancipation. Mr. Berret has since resigned.——In the House, a bill appropriating thirty millions of dollars to make up deficiencies in the appropriations for the pay of the army was passed by a vote of one hundred and ninety yeas to two nays—Messrs. Calvert and May, both of Maryland, voting in the negative. A resolution, reported by the Judiciary Committee, declaring that the Government should not interfere with the transmission of intelligence by telegraph, when it will not afford aid to the enemy, was adopted. The death of Mr. Cooper, of Pennsylvania, was announced, resolutions of condolence were adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, April 17, in the Senate, a joint resolution appropriating $7000 for the relief of the officers and privates of the Maine battalion, who lost their personal effects on the Port Royal expedition, was adopted. The bill requiring electors of the District of Columbia to take the oath of allegiance to the Government was passed. The House bill establishing a Bureau of Agriculture was taken up. Senator Wright offered a substitute, providing for an Agricultural, Statistical, and Commercial Bureau, and made a speech in support of it. A resolution was adopted calling on the President for the papers and testimony in the court of inquiry in the case of Lieutenant Fleming, of the navy. The bill providing for a line of steamships between San Francisco and Shanghai was called up; but without taking action on it the Senate went into executive session.——The House was occupied all day in debating the Pacific Railroad bill.

On Friday, April 18, in the Senate, the select committee appointed to inquire into the circumstances attending the surrender of the Pensacola and Norfolk navy-yards, and the armory at Harper's Ferry to the rebels, made a voluminous report, which was ordered to be printed. With regard to the Norfolk Navy-yard, the committee censure the Buchanan administration for destroying part of the property there and abandoning the remainder, as the evidence shows that the yard and the immense war material therein might easily have been saved by our forces occupying the place, who numbered one thousand men, while the rebels had only five hundred. Commodore Paulding, and Captains Pendergrast and M'Cauley are also censured by the committee. A resolution calling on the Superintendent of the Census Bureau for the names of all persons who own slaves in the District, the ages of the slaves, and other information relating to them, was adopted. The bill establishing a line of mail steamers between San Francisco and Shanghai was discussed, and Senator Howard, of Michigan, made a speech in favor of the Confiscation bill.——In the House, several private bills were passed, and the Pacific Railroad bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, April 21, in the Senate, in addition to petitions in favor of a bankrupt law, and a ship-canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River, and memorials in reference to the Tax bill, a petition was presented from free colored citizens of the United States, praying that territory may be acquired outside the national limits for their colonization, and suggesting Central America as a desirable locality. It was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A resolution calling on the Secretary of State for the names of all Kentuckians who have been arrested and held as prisoners of state, and also the names of all who have been released, was offered by Senator Powell, and laid over. The consideration of the resolution in regard to the arrest of Brigadier-General Stone was then resumed, and after a long and somewhat angry discussion the resolution offered by Senator Wilson, requesting the President, if not incompatible with the public welfare, to furnish all the information in his possession relative to the arrest and imprisonment of General Stone, was adopted. The Confiscation bill was taken up, and Senator Davis, of Kentucky, obtained the floor, but the Senate went into executive session, and subsequently adjourned.——In the House, a bill making appropriations for a bounty to the widows and legal heirs of volunteers who may die or be killed, was referred to the Ways and Means Committee. The Secretary of War was requested to furnish a statement of the appointments of Brigadier-Generals from April 1, 1861, to April 1, 1862. The resolution offered by Mr. Diven, of New York, requesting the Attorney-General to take proceedings to recover from John C. Frémont and E. L. Beard the sum of money obtained from the Treasury on the order of said Frémont, payable to said Beard, as set forth in the report of the Select Committee on Government Contracts, came up, and elicited an interesting debate, which terminated in laying the resolution on the table. A resolution, directing the Judiciary Committee to report back the bill providing for the trial and punishment of military officers charged with swindling, was adopted, and the House adjourned.

M'DOWELL ON TO RICHMOND.

General M'Dowell made a dashing and successful advance, with a portion of his army, from Warrenton Junction, upon Fredericksburg, on 17th, accomplishing a march of twenty miles by seven o'clock on the morning of 18th. The rebels, consisting of a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, and a battery, intercepted their route, but were driven across the Rappahannock, and our troops occupied the suburbs of Fredericksburg, having pushed forward in spite of the successful efforts of the enemy to destroy the bridges, which retarded though it did not prevent the pursuit of our troops. The Ira Harris cavalry played a conspicuous part in the action, and suffered considerably. Several of the rebels were killed and wounded, but the number is not known. Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, was occupied by our troops at seven o'clock on the morning of 18th. The rebels, in addition to the bridge, burned the steamer *St. Nicholas*, which they stole in the Chesapeake Bay several months ago, together with all the other craft in the river. The municipal authorities of Fredericksburg consented to surrender the city upon a guarantee of protection to private property; and a meeting between General Augur and a committee from the City Council was to be held on the 19th. Vast amounts of grain and forage are stored at Fredericksburg.

BANKS ON TO RICHMOND.

General Banks is moving rapidly up the valley of the Shenandoah in the direction of Staunton, which place he will probably occupy in a day or two. Our latest dispatches from his advance are dated Sparta, Rockingham County, at which place it arrived on 19th, driving the enemy from an adjacent hill with artillery and charges of the cavalry. Six thousand of Jackson's troops had passed through the town on the previous evening and encamped a short distance beyond. A skirmish took place beyond Sparta on the afternoon of 19th, in which a considerable body of rebels was dispersed by our artillery. General Banks's progress is necessarily considerably delayed by the destruction of the bridges on the route by the rebels.

General Banks reports that the rebels have left Harrisonburg for Gordonsville, and it was supposed that they were concentrating at Yorktown.

GENERAL HALLECK'S ARMY.

There is no further intelligence of importance from General Halleck's army. General W. T. Sherman has moved his division two miles farther toward Corinth, and on 16th had a brisk skirmish with the rebels, in which he defeated them, killing fifty or sixty, and maintained his position intact.

GENERAL MITCHELL'S ARMY.

General Mitchell, after seizing the Memphis and Charleston Railroad from Stevenson to Decatur, marched suddenly into Mississippi, seized Iuka, 25 miles from Corinth, and burned the bridges at Decatur and Florence. At the former place he seized the telegraph, and intercepted the following message from Beauregard:

Corinth, *April 9, 1862.*

To General Samuel Cooper, Richmond, Va.:

All present probabilities are that, whenever the enemy move on this position, he will do so with an overwhelming force of not less than 85,000 men. We can now muster only about 35,000 effectives. Van Dorn may possibly join us in a few days with about 15,000 more. Can we not be reinforced from Pemberton's army? If defeated here we lose the Mississippi Valley, and probably our cause. Whereas we could even afford to lose, for a while, Charleston and Savannah for the purpose of defeating Buell's army, which would not only insure us the Valley of the Mississippi but our independence.

G. T. Beauregard.

THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

On 18th Commodore Foote's bombardment of Fort Wright was still proceeding. The firing on the day previous had been very heavy on both sides. The enemy had done no damage to our flotilla; whether they had suffered any from our fire was not known. There appears to be no expectation of an immediate reduction of the fort, as the present high stage of the water in the Mississippi prevents co-operation on the part of General Pope's forces, which are at Oceola, Arkansas. Deserters say that the rebel batteries now mount 40 guns, and that they have 60 more which they are rapidly putting in position. Bragg, it appears, is in command, having succeeded Villipique. He is said to have about 600 troops, and has the co-operation of four gun-boats, mounting 24 guns. Fort Wright, formerly called Fort Pillow, is the first rebel fortification on the river below New Madrid. It is near the mouth of the Hatchie River, a few miles below Oceola, Arkansas, on the opposite bluff, known as the first Chickasaw Bluff, some 12 miles above Randolph, and 78 miles above Memphis.

FIRE OPENED ON FORT MACON.

From rebel sources we have an account of the opening of the bombardment by our troops on Fort Macon on Saturday week, and two days' hard fighting there. The Richmond *Dispatch* says, that the fort will, no doubt, be able to hold out against the invaders.

Four companies of the Connecticut Eighth Regiment had a skirmish on the 12th with a force of rebels of one hundred and fifty, who made a sortie from Fort Macon, the rebels driving in our pickets. After a sharp engagement the rebels were driven back to the fort. During the engagement Fort Macon fired seventy shots at the engaging forces.

OCCUPATION OF APALACHICOLA.

The city of Apalachicola has been successfully occupied by our troops, thus giving us another important point in Florida. The capture was effected by the gun-boats *Mercedita* and *Sagamore*, with but little opposition, on the 3d inst. A few shell dispersed the rebels who were in arms there; and the non-resistant portion of the population were found in an almost starving condition. The blockade had effectually cut off supplies on the sea-board, and their resources from inland were not sufficient to maintain the ordinary comforts of life.

RECONNOISSANCE UP THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

On 14th inst. a portion of the Potomac Flotilla passed up the Rappahannock as far as Tappahannock, about fifty miles below Fredericksburg. At Urbana our men, on attempting to land, were fired upon but without effect, when a few shells, judiciously distributed, scattered the few rebels there. Two miles from Tappahannock is Lowry's Point, where the rebels had a strong battery. This was engaged by the flotilla with such success that the rebels were speedily forced to flee, when our men landed and destroyed the rebel quarters and secured considerable booty. The fleet remained at Tappahannock until the 15th, and then returned down the river, having gained much valuable information.

NASHVILLE RETURNING TO HER FIRST LOVE.

The City Council of Nashville, Tennessee, at its last session (April 14th) passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Mayor of the city of Nashville be, and he is hereby requested and instructed to have the flag of the United States placed upon all public property belonging to this corporation.

Resolved, That we cordially thank the officers and soldiers of the United States for the unexampled kindness and courtesy hitherto extended to our fellow-citizens, and that, as men striving together with them for the re-establishment of the government of our fathers, we pledge them our most sincere and hearty co-operation.

Resolutions were also adopted directing the teachers in the public schools in the city to take the oath of allegiance or resign.

THE "NASHVILLE" OUT AGAIN.

The rebel steamer *Nashville* arrived at Nassau, New Providence, on the 1st inst. from Charleston, and changed her colors to the British, under the name of *Thomas L. Wragg*. She sailed again on the 6th, having cleared for St. John's, New Brunswick, having on board a cargo of arms brought to Nassau by the British steamship *Southward*. She doubtless intends to run the blockade at Charleston again.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "MONITOR" PANIC.

Both Houses of the British Parliament have been engaged in debates on the inutility of land fortifications and wooden ships for purposes of coast defense and war, as well as the necessity of an immediate reconstruction of the British navy, so as to put her in possession of an iron-armored fleet. The speeches of Lord Hardwicke, a practical seaman; the Duke of Somerset, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Palmerston, Sir John Pakington, and other prominent men, show that they are greatly alarmed at the position in which their country is placed by the issue of the conflict between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*. The press re-echoes the sentiment; the London *Times* assuring its readers that England must not allow to "any other nation a moment's start" in obtaining the "greatest force of invulnerable vessels," and that "all other things are secondary to this."

FRANCE.

IRON-CLAD SHIPS THERE TOO.

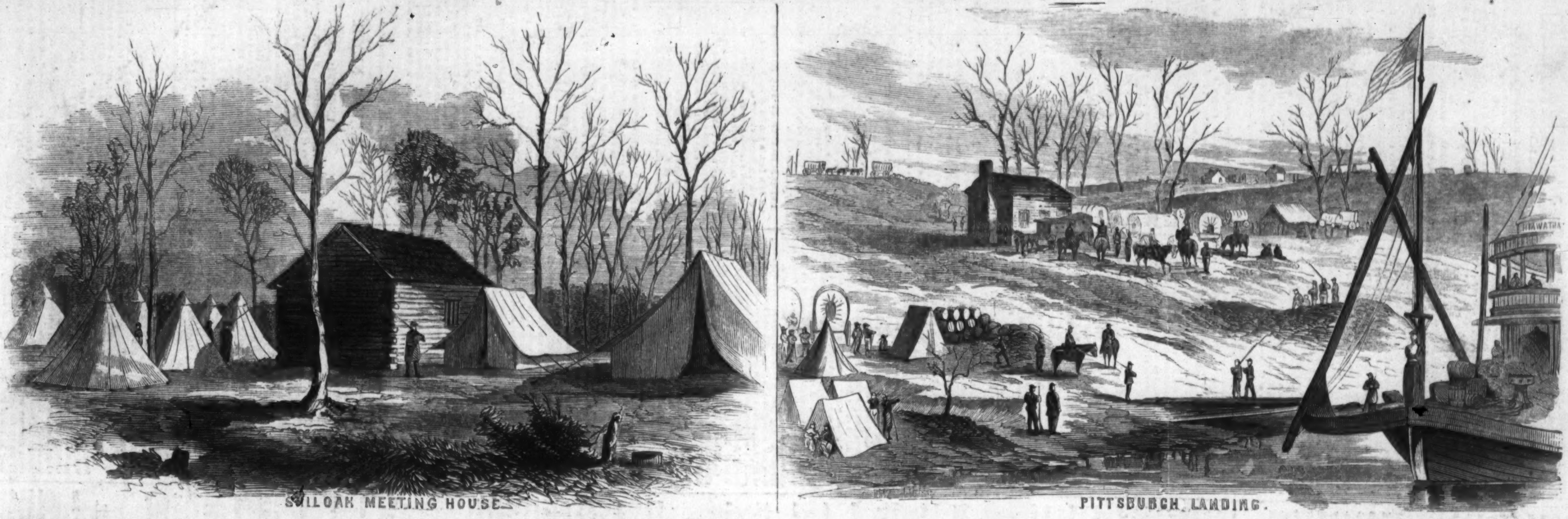
The French iron-plated gun-boat which arrived in the Seine from Bordeaux about a year ago has been lengthened and modified in shape; she is now completed, and being wholly roofed in by a casing of iron plates, presents a remarkable appearance in the water—something like a gigantic egg. She has two very short funnels, two engines, and is propelled by two screws.

RUSSIA.

THE CZAR CATCHES THE DISEASE.

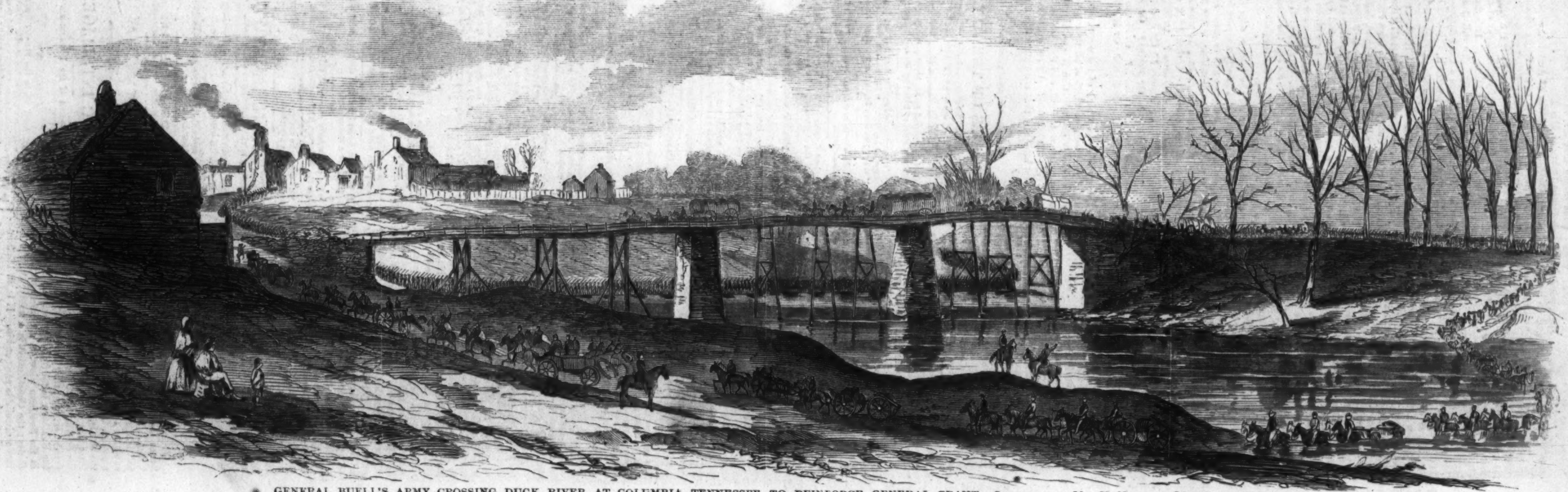
The Russian Government is determined to save every ruble possible in order to apply the money for the fitting out of an iron-plated fleet.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF SHILOH, OR PITTSBURG LANDING.—[Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.]

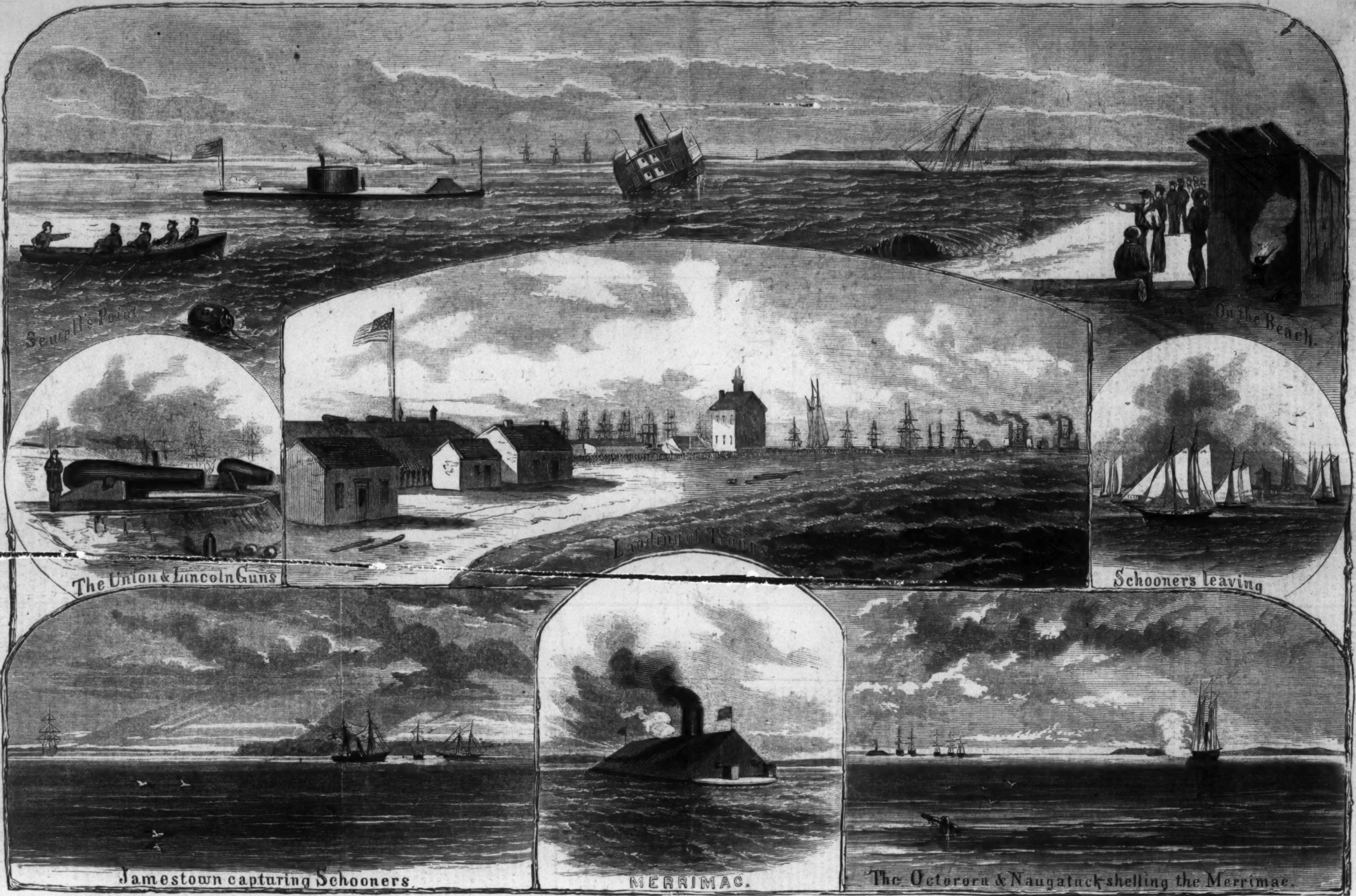


SHILOAH MEETING HOUSE.

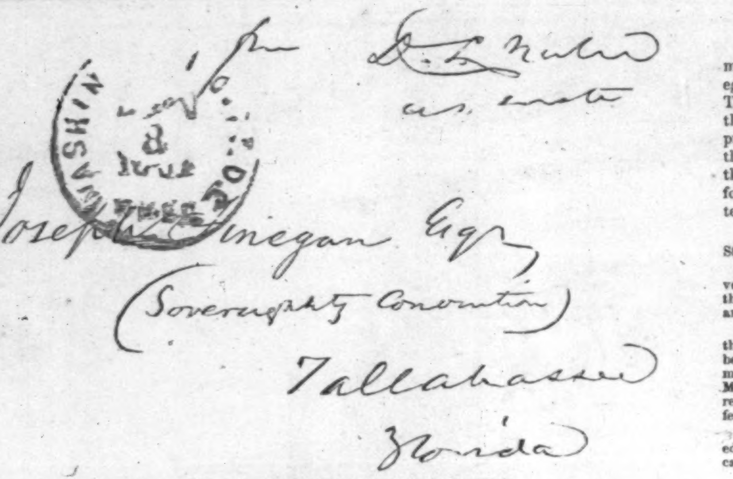
PITTSBURGH LANDING.



GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY CROSSING DUCK RIVER, AT COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, TO REINFORCE GENERAL GRANT.—Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 286.]


Sewell's Point
On the Beach.
The Union & Lincoln Guns
Landing of Troops
Schooners leaving
Jamestown capturing Schooners
MERRIMAC.
The Octorora & Naugatuck shelling the Merrimac.

THE SECOND TRIP OF THE "MERRIMAC"—SCENES AT AND AROUND FORTRESS MONROE.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 278.]



Free D. L. Yulee
U.S. Senate

WASHIN D.C.
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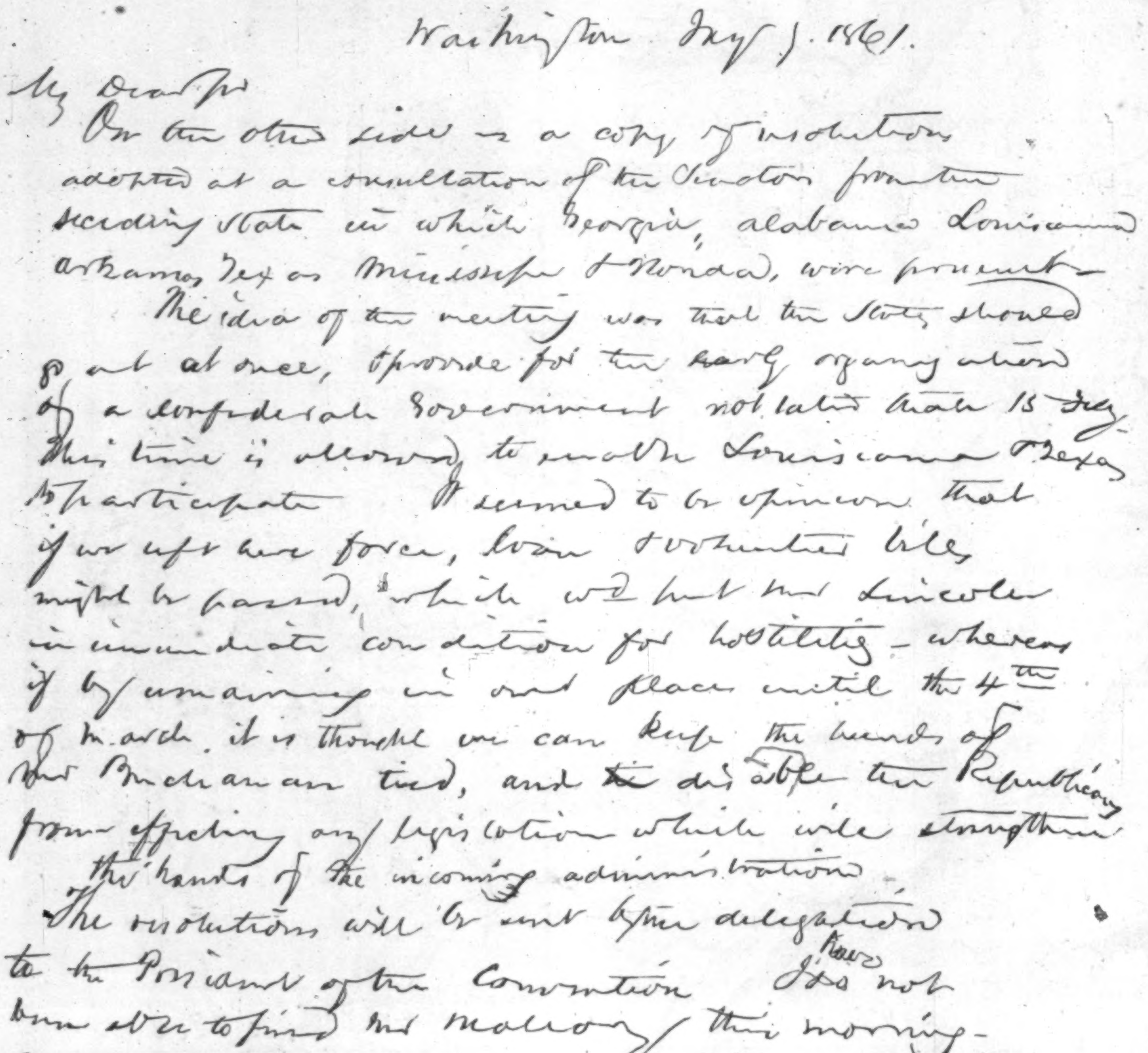
Joseph Finegan Esqr
(Sovereignty Convention)
Tallahassee
Florida

FAC SIMILE OF THE SUPERSCRIPTION OF THE LETTER.



Washington Jany 7. 1861.

My Dear Sir

On the other side is a copy of resolutions adopted at a consultation of the Senators from the seceding States in which Georgia, Alabama Louisiana Arkansas, Texas Mississippi & Florida, were present—

The idea of the meeting was that the States should go out at once, & provide for the early organization of a Confederate Government not later than 15 Feby. This time is allowed to enable Louisiana & Texas to participate. It seemed to be opinion that if we left here force, loan & volunteer bills might be passed, which wd put Mr Lincoln in immediate condition for hostilities—whereas if by remaining in our places until the 4th of March it is thought we can keep the hands of Mr Buchanan tied, and ~~the~~ disable the Republicans from effecting any legislation which will strengthen the hands of the incoming administration.

The resolutions will be sent by the delegation to the President of the Convention. I have not been able to find Mr Mallory this morning—Hawkins is in Connecticut. I have therefore thought it best to send you this copy of the resolutions—

In haste

Yours truly

D. L. Yulee

Joseph Finegan Esq

SENATOR YULEE'S LETTER.

We reproduce herewith a fac-simile of a remarkable letter from Senator Yulee to Joseph Finegan, of the "Sovereignty Conference" of Florida. This letter, which reveals the crooked purposes of the traitors who have plunged the country into the present war, was found by the correspondent of the New York *Times* at Fernandina, Florida, when the town was occupied by the Union forces. The following were the resolutions inclosed in the letter:

Resolved—1. That in our opinion each of the Southern States should, as soon as may be, secede from the Union.

Resolved—2. That provision should be made for a Convention to organize a Confederacy of the Seceding States, the Convention to meet not later than the 15th of February, at the City of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That in view of the hostile legislation that is threatened against the Seceding States, and which may be consumated [sic in original, for it seems his secession mania extended even into orthography] before the 4th of March, we ask instructions whether the delegations are to remain in Congress until that date for the purpose of defeating such legislation.

Resolved, That a Committee be and are hereby appointed, consisting of Messrs. Davis, Slidell, and Mallory, to carry out the objects of this meeting.

CAPTURE OF FORT PULASKI.

We recorded the fall of Fort Pulaski, on 11th April, in our last Number. We now publish, on page 284, a series of views of the Fort and Our Batteries, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, and a Plan by Lieutenant Haas. Mr. Davis, who was with General Gilmore when the batteries were being built, thus describes the work:

Shortly after the occupation of Tybee Island by our troops, Captain (now General) Gilmore commenced the erection of a number of batteries for the reduction of Fort Pulaski. The majority of these batteries were for heavy mortars of thirteen inches calibre. Most of these were to be erected within easy range and sight of the fort. How to do this unseen was a matter of serious consideration, as the smallest party of men seen during the daytime at these places provoked the fire from the guns of Pulaski. This made it necessary that all work should be done at night. There being few natural advantages the slightest objects were made, by the ingenuity of General Gilmore, to serve as the basis of a fortification; during each night fences and bushes were carefully raised a foot or so at a time, and while no change in their appearance was observed from Fort Pulaski, a battery was in course of construction within from 1500 to 3000 yards. Whenever the transportation of one of the heavy mortars was interrupted by the approach of daylight it was carelessly covered up with bushes, and it remained undisturbed during the day. Some of these mortars weighed 17,000 pounds each; and the roads were so bad at first that the wheels of the trucks sunk into the mud up to the hubs. A corduroy road was afterward constructed, however, with fagots bound together, the interstices being filled with earth. Some of the guns were casemated, and all the batteries were carefully concealed from view. Not a loud word was spoken during their construction. Orders were given in an under-tone, and during the transportation of the artillery orders were transmitted by a whistle. It is supposed that the enemy were in total ignorance of the operations going on so near them until our guns opened upon the fort.

The bombardment is thus described in the correspondence of the *Herald:*

On Thursday morning, at twenty-three minutes of eight, the fire was opened by a discharge of a 13-inch mortar from Battery Halleck, fired by Lieutenant Horace Porter, of the Ordnance Department, the shell exploding in the air; and this was succeeded by a 13-inch shell from Battery Stanton, which exploded short. In a moment or two several of the mortars were discharged from the other batteries; but none of the shells were effective, the firing being wild and the fuses too short. Three minutes after the first fire Fort Pulaski responded from a 10-inch barbette gun, the shell exploding harmlessly over Tybee Island. The firing soon became general on both sides, little damage being done by either for some time, as we had not attained the correct range, and the enemy were not quite sure of the position of our battery. Soon, however, we observed the dust begin to fly from the pancope, between the south and southeast faces, and we were satisfied that the breaching batteries (Halleck, Scott, Siegel, M'Clellan, and Totten) on Goat Point were in full play, sending their rifled balls, solid 10-inch shot and heavy shell, with terrible effect against the brick walls.

The bombardment went on all day, the fire from our batteries being more effective every minute. The enemy, finding that our 13-inch shells were not so destructive as they expected, began to work their barbette guns with great energy and give us some trouble. Our Parrott guns were brought to bear upon them, and a hot fire was poured upon their guns, and one or two of them dismounted. The fire from the breaching batteries became more and more disastrous to the enemy as the day advanced. The pancope began to assume a mottled aspect. It appeared to have the small-pox, blotches appearing all over it. These after a while ran together, and deep holes in the face of the wall of the pancope were discovered, which became deeper and deeper, and finally assumed the form of a breach. The breach at dusk, at which time the fire was temporarily suspended on both sides, was not entirely through the wall, except at one small point, through which a gleam of sunlight was caught about sunset. During the night an occasional shell was thrown from batteries Burnside and Halleck, and from the rifled guns of Battery Siegel. The enemy made no reply, but seemed to be engaged in repairing damages. We had lost not a man during the day, and sustained no damage of consequence to our batteries.

Such as were injured were repaired by the engineers during the night, and all was made ready by daylight for another day's operations. At daylight on Friday fire was opened by our batteries, and responded to by the enemy.

The James shells, which had well bored and honey-combed the pancope of the fort, had prepared it well for the operations of the solid 10-inch shot, and when the Columbiads from Goat Point opened the pancope began to crumble. The breach of the day previous enlarged, two others were effected, and by two o'clock, when the rebel flag was hauled down and the white flag raised, a practicable breach, large enough to drive a four-horse wagon through, had been formed, and our James shells were passing through it, across the terra plain, and breaching the magazine itself. This brought the rebels to terms. They unconditionally surrendered.

The fort was much cut up by our firing. The breach was immense, and rifle-balls passed completely through it. No fort was ever breached before at so great a distance.

The breaching batteries were as follows:

No.	Battery.				Lbs.
1.	Stanton,	3 13-in.	Mortars,	pattern 1861,	17,120
2.	Grant,	3 13-in.	Mortars,	pattern 1861,	17,120
3.	Lyon,	3 10-in.	Columbiads,	pattern 1861,	15,059
4.	Lincoln	3 8-in.	Columbiads,	pattern 1844,	9,240
5.	Burnside,	1 13-in.	Mortar,	pattern 1861,	17,120
6.	Sherman,	3 13-in.	Mortars,	pattern 1861,	17,120
7.	Halleck,	2 13-in.	Mortars,	pattern 1861,	17,120
8.	Scott,	3 10-in. 1 8-in.	Columbiads.		
9.	Siegel,	1 24-pr. 5 30-pr.	James Parrott	Siege carriage.	
10.	M'Clellan	2 42-pr. 2 32-pr.		Sea coast.	
11.	Totten,	4 10-in.	Mortars,	pattern 1841, pattern 1852.	

THE SECOND TRIP OF THE "MERRIMAC."

We publish on page 277 a series of sketches from Fortress Monroe, illustrating The Second Trip of the "Merrimac," which occurred on 11th inst. The various sketches explain themselves. Meanwhile we condense the following account of the cruise of the rebel iron-clad monster from the *Herald* correspondence:

The long-expected reappearance of the rebel steamer *Merrimac* occurred yesterday morning. After a lapse of nearly five weeks in repairing damages sustained by her engagement with the *Monitor*, she returned to the Roads from Norfolk at 7 P.M. yesterday, accompanied by her consorts, the *Patrick Henry*, *Yorktown*, *Teazer*, *Raleigh*, and *Empire*.

The signal-gun at the fortress was fired, and in a few minutes the garrison was under arms; and the artillerists, composed of detachments of the Naval brigade and Wisconsin artillery, soon after manned the guns on the parapet of the fortress. The large fleet of Union schooner transports which was anchored in the Roads on seeing the rebel fleet slipped their moorings, and, favored by wind and tide, were soon out of harm's way. Many of those in Hampton Cove, restricted by the narrow and serpentine channels, not being able to get out of the way of themselves, were assisted by the steam-tugs, of which there are a number here. The little *Monitor*, which has been anxiously awaiting the re-appearance of the *Merrimac*, on seeing the latter approach, got ready for action by clearing her decks, lowering her smoke and steam pipes, slipping her anchor, and in less than ten minutes was ready for action. The orders from Flag-officer Goldsborough were, however, to act strictly on the defensive, and to give battle only when the rebel craft should approach a given point. The *Merrimac* and her consorts meanwhile had approached to within four miles of the fortress, and there she stopped, having, as it afterward proved, a certain boundary, without the range of the guns of the fort, over which she would not pass.

The French war steamer *Catinet*, which was anchored near the *Monitor* when the *Merrimac* hove in sight, and was taking in water from a Union schooner, took up her anchor, and, taking the schooner under the protection of her flag, proceeded to a point between here and Newport News, where she had already been preceded by the French war steamer *Gassandi* and the British steamer *Rinaldo*. The steam transports *State of Maine*, *Mystic*, *South America*, and others, with troops, were in the harbor, but soon moved to a haven of safety out of the range of the threatened point. The *Monitor*, in her defensive attitude, joined by the Stevens battery *Naugatuck*, steamed around in the Roads, at times showing their broadsides defiantly at the rebel fleet. The rebel fleet seemed to take a cowardly advantage of the presence of the foreign vessels in the Roads, and kept continually under their cover, so that, had our policy been on the offensive, we could not have fired a shot at the rebels without endangering the neutral vessels. Things remained pretty much in *statu quo*, the rebel fleet backing and filling, at times running up to the *Merrimac* for orders, and then steaming away. At 9 o'clock A.M. the rebel gun-boat *Patrick Henry* left the fleet and ran into Hampton Cove by the inside channel, leading from Newport News Point toward Hampton village. At first it seemed to be a manœuvre to induce the *Monitor* to change her position; and others supposed the rebel steamer had hostile designs on the Federal camp at Hampton (Camp Hamilton). The sequel to the problem was soon discovered when the rebel craft, subsequently joined by the rebel steamer *Teazer*, were seen cutting out two Union brigs and a schooner, which were at anchor about two miles from shore. The affair was deeply humiliating, and no efforts were made by our fleet to prevent the outrage until after the rebel steamers were escaping with their prizes and under full headway for Norfolk, when the gun-boats *Octarora* and *Naugatuck* were sent up Hampton Cove to a point near where the stolen vessels had been anchored.

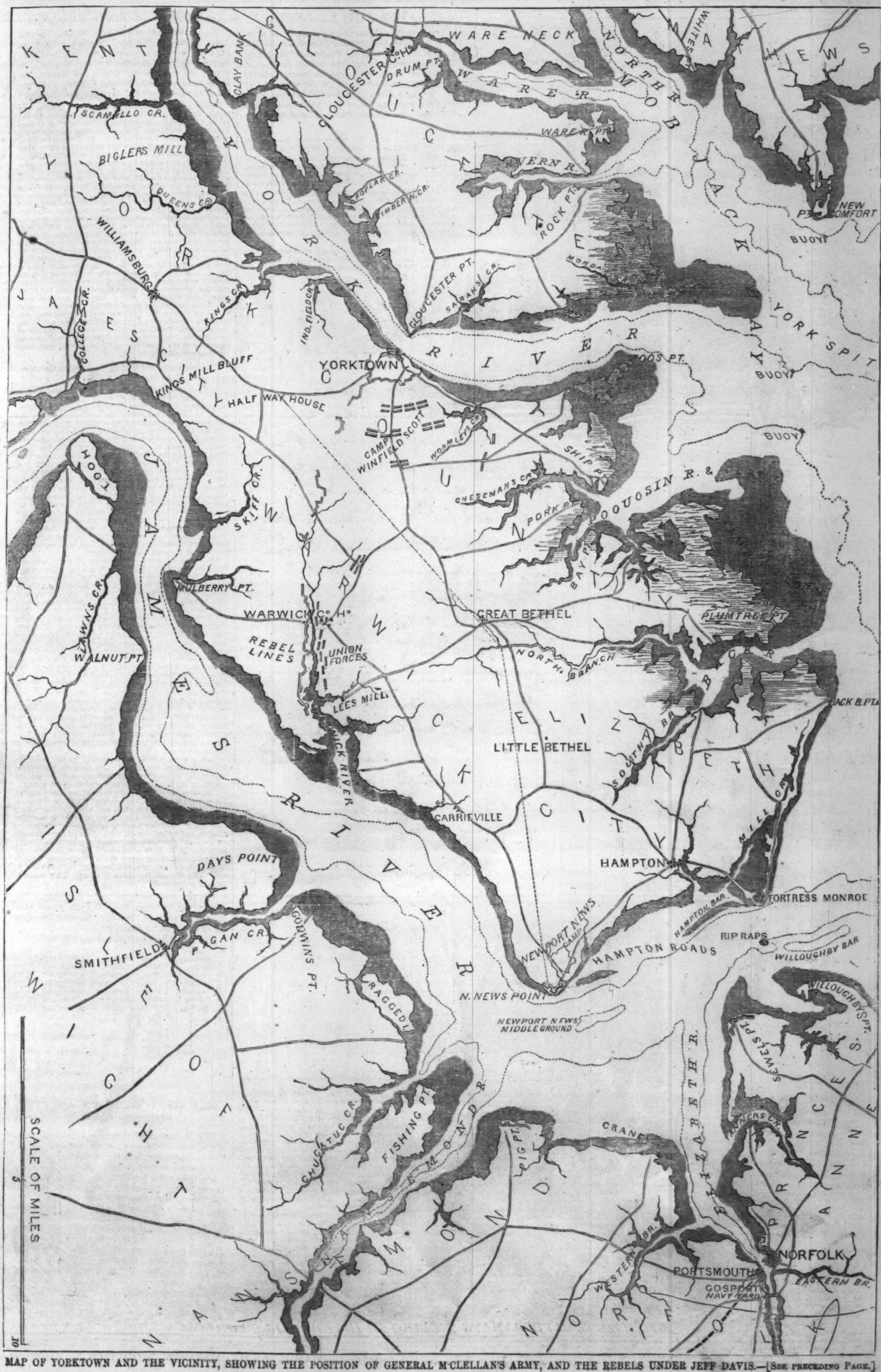
The *Patrick Henry* towed her prizes to Norfolk, and returned to join the rebel fleet shortly after 12 M. A large number of rebel excursionists on steamers followed the fleet down from Norfolk to see the fun; but they were doomed to disappointment, as no fight occurred.

The *Merrimac* and her rebel consorts returned to Norfolk from the Roads at half past 5 o'clock, without having induced our fleet, including the *Monitor*, to give them battle on unequal grounds. Before leaving, however, she exchanged a few shots, at long range, with the Union gunboats *Octarora* and Stevens battery *Naugatuck*, the latter lying at anchor in Hampton Cove. The practice of the *Merrimac* was very poor, her best gun not throwing a shot over three miles, while her opponents threw shot over three and a half miles—the *Naugatuck*, with her superior 100-pound Parrott gun, throwing even further.

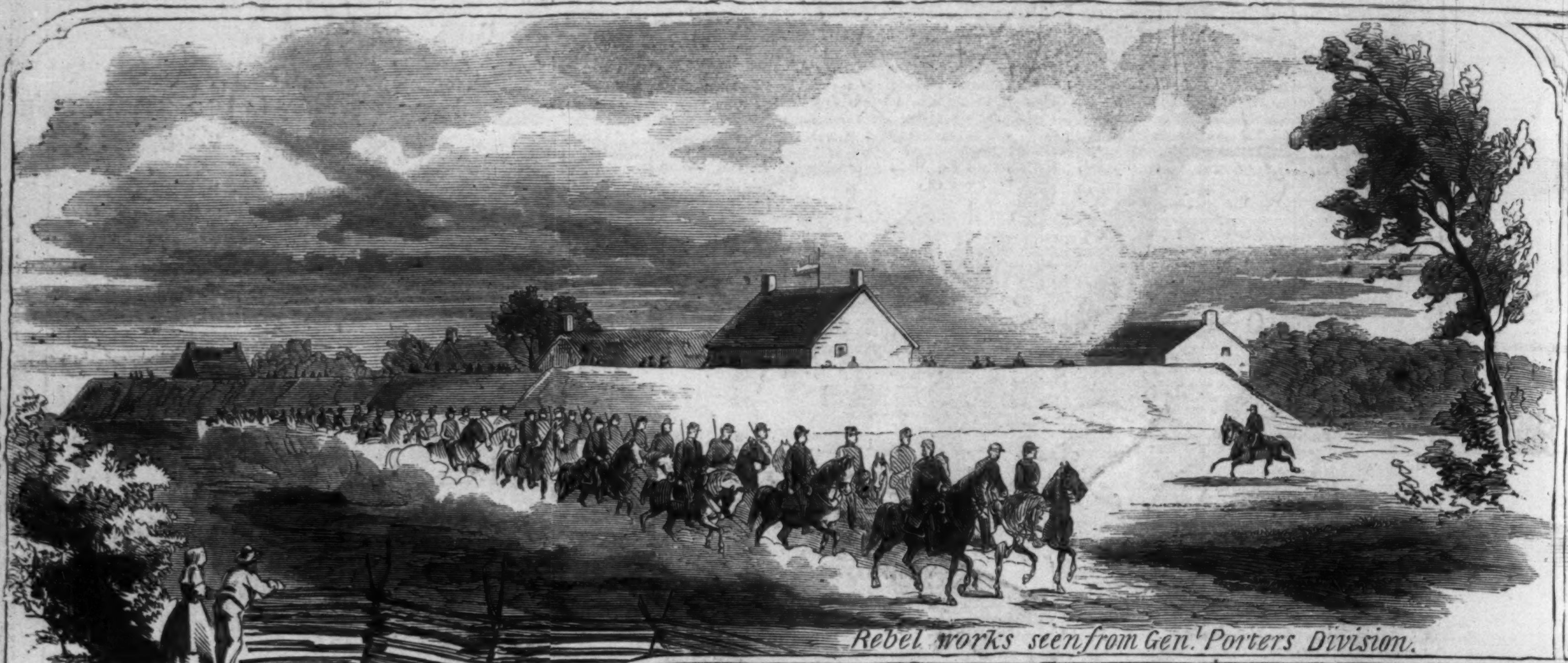
It is understood that the great gun of the *Merrimac* exploded on 11th.

MAP OF YORKTOWN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

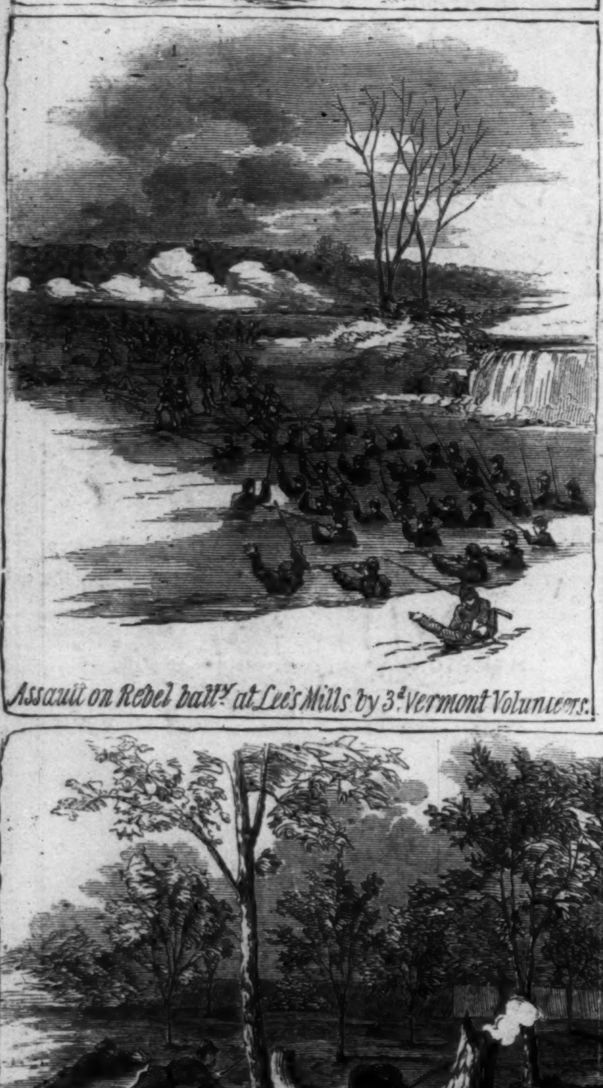
The Map on page 279 represents that peninsula of Virginia and its surrounding waters where the United States forces under M'Clellan, and those of the rebels under the archrebel Jeff Davis, are concentrating for the final struggle in Virginia. The tint along the coast-line represents a depth of six feet and less at low tide; the dotted lines beyond the tint mark a depth of three fathoms (18 feet); between these dotted lines the depth of water in the James and York rivers is in many places 50 feet and over. The York River, being narrowed by Gloucester Point, has great depth of water opposite Yorktown. The channel opposite Fortress Monroe is also very deep, and well guarded by the fort on one side and the Rip Raps on the other. Strong rebel batteries on Sewall's Point and Craney Island guard the lair of the *Merrimac*. The rebel intrenchments extend across the peninsula from the mouth of Warwick River, up its west bank, thence northeastwardly to the York River to Selby's Point, about midway between Wormley's Creek and Yorktown.


KENT
SCAMELLO CR.
BIGLERS MILL
QUEENS CR.
YORK
WILLIAMSBURG
COLLEGE CR.
JAMES CITY
KINGS CR.
KINGS MILL BLUFF
HALF WAY HOUSE
CLAY BANK
GLOUCESTER
GLOUCESTER C.H.
DRUM PT.
WARE NECK
WARE R.
WARE PT.
SEVERN R.
NORTH R.
WHITES
MATHEWS
MOB JACK BAY
NEW PT. COMFORT
BUOY
YORK SPIT
POPLAR CR.
TIMBER N. CR.
ROCK PT.
MONDAY
GLOUCESTER PT.
SARAHS CR.
IND. FIELD CR.
YORK RIVER
YORKTOWN
GOOS PT.
CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT
WORMLEYS CR.
SHIPP
CHESEMANS CR.
PORK PT.
POQUOSIN R.
BAY
HOG I.
SKIFF CR.
MULBERRY PT.
LAWNS CR.
WALNUT PT.
WARWICK C.H.
GREAT BETHEL
REBEL LINES
UNION FORCES
LEES MILL
WARWICK
WARWICK RIVER
ELIZABETH CITY
LITTLE BETHEL
NORTH BRANCH
SOUTH BR.
BACK R.
PLUMTREE PT.
BACK R. PT.
MILL CR.
CARRIEVILLE
HAMPTON
FORTRESS MONROE
HAMPTON BAR
RIP RAPS
WILLOUGHBY BAR
NEWPORT NEWS
CAMP
HAMPTON ROADS
N. NEWS POINT
NEWPORT NEWS MIDDLE GROUND
JAMES RIVER
DAYS POINT
SMITHFIELD
PAGAN CR.
GODWINS PT.
RAGGED I.
ISLE OF WIGHT
CHUCATUC CR.
FISHING PT.
NANSEMOND
PIG PT.
CRANEY
ELIZABETH R.
WILLOUGHBY PT.
SEWELLS PT.
TANNERS CR.
PRINCESS ANNE
NORFOLK
PORTSMOUTH
GOSPORT NAVY YARD
WESTERN BR.
EASTERN BR.
SCALE OF MILES
5
10

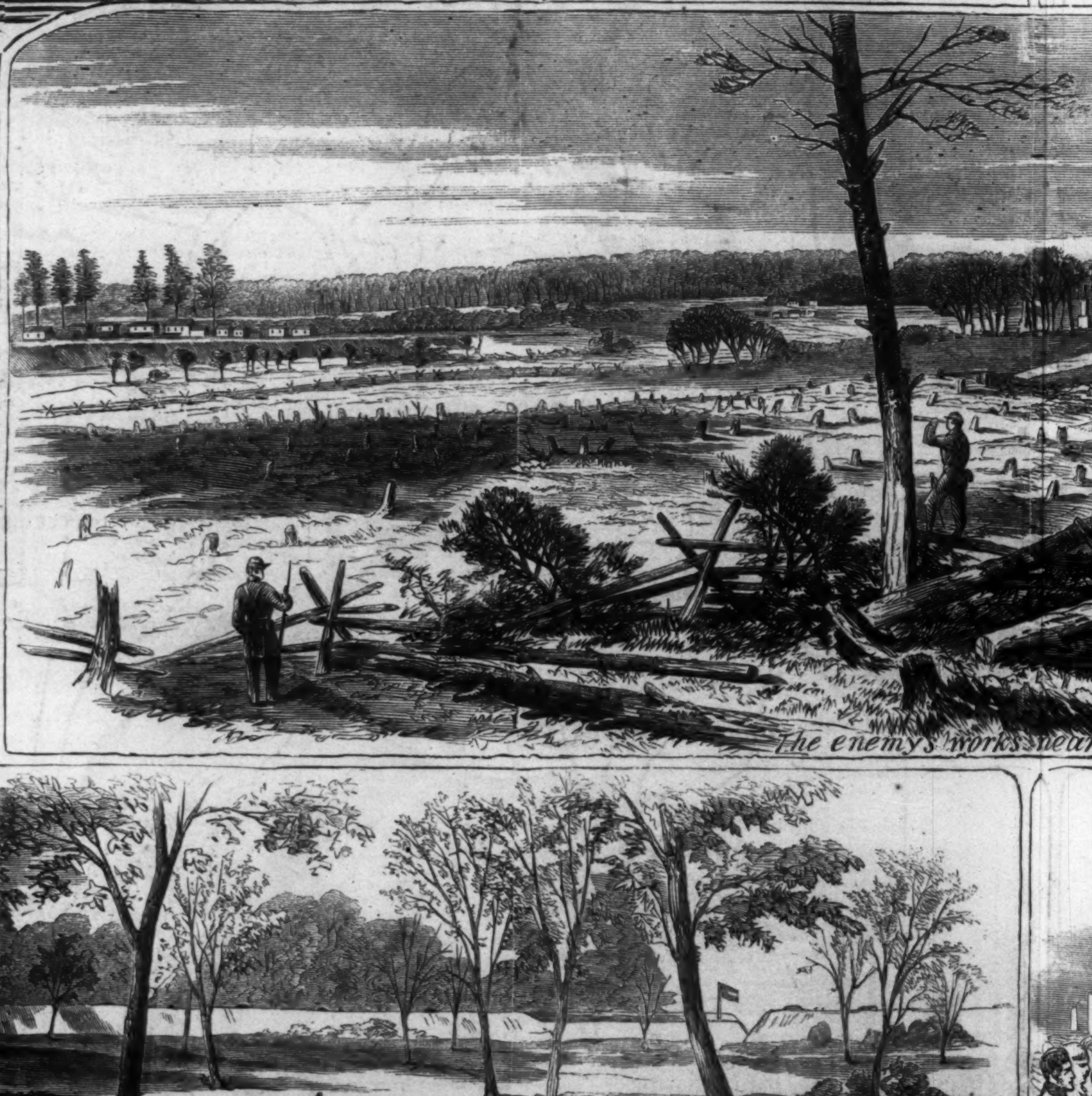
MAP OF YORKTOWN AND THE VICINITY, SHOWING THE POSITION OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ARMY, AND THE REBELS UNDER JEFF DAVIS.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



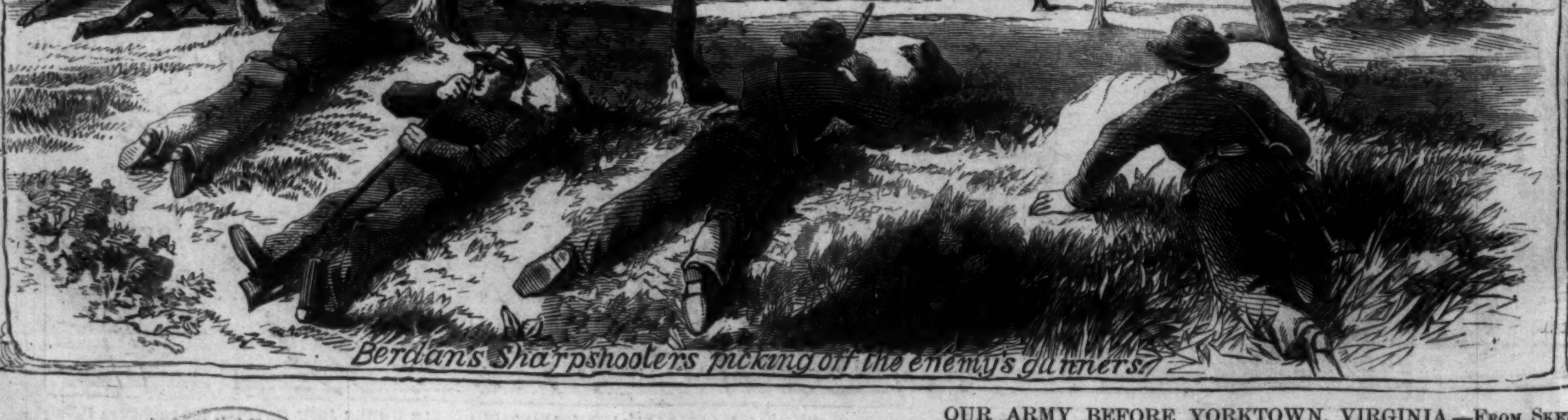
Rebel works seen from Gen.l Porters Division.



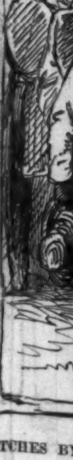
Assault on Rebel batt.y at Lee's Mills by 3.d Vermont Volunteers.



The enemy's works nea

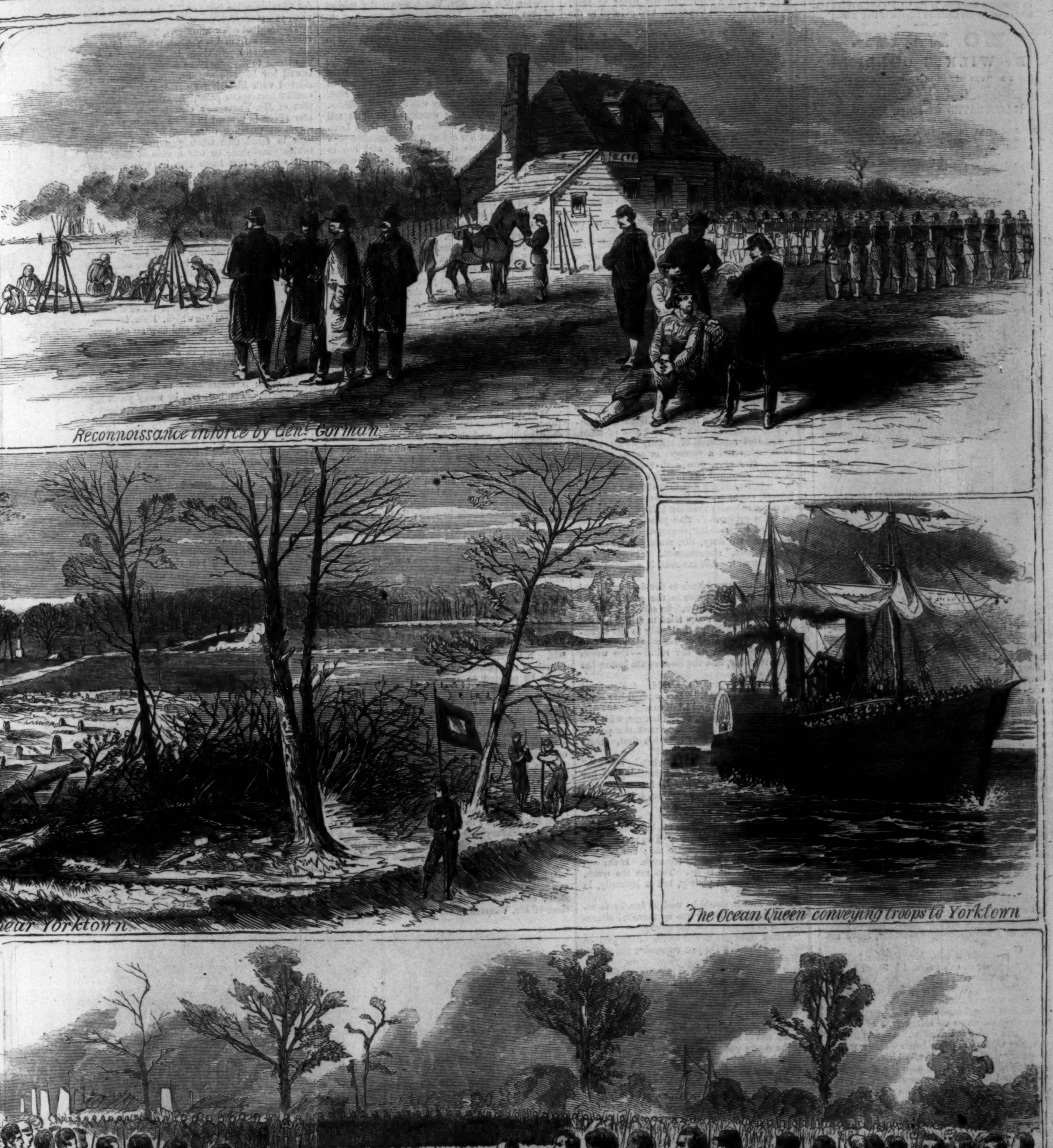


Berdan's Sharpshooters picking off the enemy's gunners.



OUR ARMY BEFORE YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA.—From Sketches b

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Reconnoissance in force by Gen.l Gorman

ear Yorktown

The Ocean Queen conveying troops to Yorktown

Religious services in Camp of 61st N.Y. Volunteers

ches by Mr. A. R. Waud and Mr. W. Homer.—[See Page 283.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XII.—(*Continued.*)

THE governess stood alone at the study window. The morning was oppressively hot, and she threw up the lower sash to admit more air into the room as Mr. Pendril came in.

They bowed to each other with a formal politeness which betrayed on either side an uneasy sense of restraint. Mr. Pendril was one of the many men who appear superficially to the worst advantage under the influence of strong mental agitation which it is necessary for them to control. Miss Garth, on her side, had not forgotten the ungraciously guarded terms in which the lawyer had replied to her letter; and the natural anxiety which she felt on the subject of the interview was not relieved by any favorable opinion of the man who sought it. As they confronted each other in the silence of the summer's morning—both dressed in black; Miss Garth's hard features gaunt and haggard with grief; the lawyer's cold, colorless face, void of all marked expression, suggestive of a business embarrassment and of nothing more—it would have been hard to find two persons less attractive externally to any ordinary sympathies than the two who had now met together, the one to tell, the other to hear, the secrets of the dead.

"I am sincerely sorry, Miss Garth, to intrude on you at such a time as this. But circumstances, as I have already explained, leave me no other choice."

"Will you take a seat, Mr. Pendril? You wished to see me in this room, I believe?"

"Only in this room because Mr. Vanstone's papers are kept here, and I may find it necessary to refer to some of them."

After that formal interchange of question and answer they sat down on either side of a table placed close under the window. One waited to speak, the other waited to hear. There was a momentary silence. Mr. Pendril broke it by referring to the young ladies with the customary inquiries and the customary expressions of sympathy. Miss Garth answered him with the same ceremony, in the same conventional tone. There was a second pause of silence. The humming of flies among the evergreen shrubs under the window penetrated drowsily into the room, and the tramp of a heavy-footed cart-horse, plodding along the high-road beyond the garden, was as plainly audible in the stillness as if it had been night.

The lawyer roused his flagging resolution, and spoke to the purpose when he spoke next.

"You have some reason, Miss Garth," he began, "to feel not quite satisfied with my past conduct toward you in one particular. During Mrs. Vanstone's fatal illness you addressed a letter to me, making certain inquiries, which, while she lived, it was impossible for me to answer. Her deplorable death releases me from the restraint which I had imposed on myself, and permits—or, more properly, obliges me to speak. You shall know what serious reasons I had for waiting day and night, in the hope of obtaining that interview which unhappily never took place; and in justice to Mr. Vanstone's memory, your own eyes shall inform you that he made his will."

He rose, unlocked a little iron safe in the corner of the room, and returned to the table with some folded sheets of paper, which he spread open under Miss Garth's eyes. When she had read the first words, "In the name of God, Amen," he turned the sheet, and pointed to the end of the next page. She saw the well-known signature, "Andrew Vanstone." She saw the customary attestations of the two witnesses, and the date of the document, reverting to a period of more than five years since. Having thus convinced her of the formality of the will, the lawyer interposed before she could question him, and addressed her in these words:

"I must not deceive you," he said. "I have my own reasons for producing this document."

"What reasons, Sir?"

"You shall hear them. When you are in possession of the truth, these pages may help to preserve your respect for Mr. Vanstone's memory—"

Miss Garth started back in her chair.

"What do you mean?" she asked, with a stern straightforwardness.

He took no heed of the question; he went on as if she had not interrupted him.

"I have a second reason," he continued, "for showing you the will. If I can prevail on you to read certain clauses in it, under my superintendence, you will make your own discovery of the circumstances which I am here to disclose—circumstances so painful that I hardly know how to communicate them to you with my own lips."

Miss Garth looked him steadfastly in the face. "Circumstances, Sir, which affect the dead parents, or the living children?"

"Which affect the dead and the living both," answered the lawyer. "Circumstances, I grieve to say, which involve the future of Mr. Vanstone's unhappy daughters."

"Wait," said Miss Garth, "wait a little." She pushed her gray hair back from her temples, and struggled with the sickness of heart, the dreadful faintness of terror, which would have overpowered a younger or a less resolute woman. Her eyes, dim with watching, weary with grief, searched the lawyer's unfathomable face. "His unhappy daughters?" she repeated to herself, vacantly. "He talks as if there was some worse calamity than the calamity which has made them orphans." She paused once more, and rallied her sinking courage. "I will not make your hard duty, Sir, more painful to you than I can help," she resumed. "Show me the place in the will. Let me read it, and know the worst."

Mr. Pendril turned back to the first page, and pointed to a certain place in the cramped lines of writing. "Begin here," he said.

She tried to begin; she tried to follow his finger, as she had followed it already to the signatures and the dates. But her senses seemed to share the confusion of her mind—the words mingled together, and the lines swam before her eyes.

"I can't follow you," she said. "You must tell it, or read it to me." She pushed her chair back from the table, and tried to collect herself. "Stop!" she exclaimed, as the lawyer, with visible hesitation and reluctance, took the papers in his own hand. "One question first. Does his will provide for his children?"

"His will provided for them when he made it."

"When he made it?" (Something of her natural bluntness broke out in her manner as she repeated the answer.) "Does it provide for them now?"

"It does not."

She snatched the will from his hand and threw it into a corner of the room. "You mean well," she said; "you wish to spare me; but you are wasting your time and my strength. If the will is useless, there let it lie. Tell me the truth, Mr. Pendril—tell it plainly, tell it instantly, in your own words!"

He felt that it would be useless cruelty to resist that appeal. There was no merciful alternative but to answer it on the spot.

"I must refer you to the spring of the present year, Miss Garth. Do you remember the fourth of March?"

Her attention wandered again; a thought seemed to have struck her at the moment when he spoke. Instead of answering his inquiry she put a question of her own.

"Let me break the news to myself," she said—"let me anticipate you, if I can. His useless will, the terms in which you speak of his daughters, the doubt you seem to feel of my continued respect for his memory, have opened a new view to me. Mr. Vanstone has died a ruined man—is that what you had to tell me?"

"Far from it. Mr. Vanstone has died, leaving a fortune of more than eighty thousand pounds—a fortune invested in excellent securities. He lived up to his income, but never beyond it; and all his debts added together would not reach two hundred pounds. If he had died a ruined man, I should have felt deeply for his children—but I should not have hesitated to tell you the truth, as I am hesitating now. Let me repeat a question which escaped you, I think, when I first put it. Carry your mind back to the spring of this year. Do you remember the fourth of March?"

Miss Garth shook her head. "My memory for dates is bad at the best of times," she said. "I am too confused to exert it at a moment's notice. Can you put your question in no other form?"

He put it in this form:

"Do you remember any domestic event in the spring of the present year which appeared to affect Mr. Vanstone more seriously than usual?"

Miss Garth leaned forward in her chair, and looked eagerly at Mr. Pendril across the table. "The journey to London!" she exclaimed. "I distrusted the journey to London from the first! Yes! I remember Mr. Vanstone receiving a letter—I remember his reading it, and looking so altered from himself that he startled us all."

"Did you notice any apparent understanding between Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone on the subject of that letter?"

"Yes, I did. One of the girls—it was Magdalen—mentioned the post-mark; some place in America. It all comes back to me, Mr. Pendril. Mrs. Vanstone looked excited and anxious the moment she heard the place named. They went to London together the next day, they explained nothing to their daughters, nothing to me. Mrs. Vanstone said the journey was for family affairs. I suspected something wrong; I couldn't tell what. Mrs. Vanstone wrote to me from London, saying that her object was to consult a physician on the state of her health, and not to alarm her daughters by telling them. Something in the letter rather hurt me at the time. I thought there might be some other motive that she was keeping from me. Did I do her wrong?"

"You did her no wrong. There *was* a motive which she was keeping from you. In revealing that motive I reveal the painful secret which brings me to this house. All that I could do to prepare you I have done. Let me now tell the truth in the plainest and fewest words. When Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone left Combe-Raven, in the March of the present year—"

Before he could complete the sentence a sudden movement of Miss Garth's interrupted him. She started violently and looked round toward the window. "Only the wind among the leaves," she said, faintly. "My nerves are so shaken the least thing startles me. Speak out, for God's sake! When Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone left this house—tell me in plain words—why did they go to London?"

In plain words Mr. Pendril told her:

"They went to London to be married."

With that answer he placed a slip of paper on the table. It was the marriage certificate of the dead parents, and the date it bore was March the twentieth, eighteen hundred and forty-six.

Miss Garth neither moved nor spoke. The certificate lay beneath her unnoticed. She sat with her eyes rooted on the lawyer's face; her mind stunned, her senses helpless. He saw that all his efforts to break the shock of the discovery had been efforts made in vain; he felt the vital importance of rousing her, and firmly and distinctly repeated the fatal words.

"They went to London to be married," he said. "Try to rouse yourself: try to realize the plain fact first: the explanation shall come afterward. Miss Garth, I speak the miserable truth! In the spring of this year they left home; they lived in London for a fortnight, in the strictest retirement; they were married by license at the end of that time. There is a copy of the certificate, which I myself obtained on Monday last. Read the date of the marriage for yourself. It is Friday, the twentieth of March—the March of this present year."

As he pointed to the certificate that faint breath of air among the shrubs beneath the window which had startled Miss Garth stirred the leaves once more. He heard it himself this time, and turned his face so as to let the breeze play upon it. No breeze came, no breath of air that was strong enough for him to feel floated into the room.

Miss Garth roused herself mechanically and read the certificate. It seemed to produce no distinct impression on her: she laid it on one side in a lost, bewildered manner. "Twelve years," she said, in low, hopeless tones—"twelve quiet happy years I lived with this family. Mrs. Vanstone was my friend; my dear, valued friend—my sister, I might almost say. I can't believe it. Bear with me a little, Sir; I can't believe it yet."

"I shall help you to believe it when I tell you more," said Mr. Pendril—"you will understand me better when I take you back to the time of Mr. Vanstone's early life. I won't ask for your attention just yet. Let us wait a little until you recover yourself."

They waited a few minutes. The lawyer took some letters from his pocket, referred to them attentively and put them back again. "Can you listen to me now?" he asked, kindly. She bowed her head in answer. Mr. Pendril considered with himself for a moment. "I must caution you on one point," he said. "If the aspect of Mr. Vanstone's character which I am now about to present to you seems in some respects at variance with your later experience, bear in mind that when you first knew him twelve years since he was a man of forty, and that when I first knew him he was a lad of nineteen."

His next words raised the veil and showed the irrevocable Past.

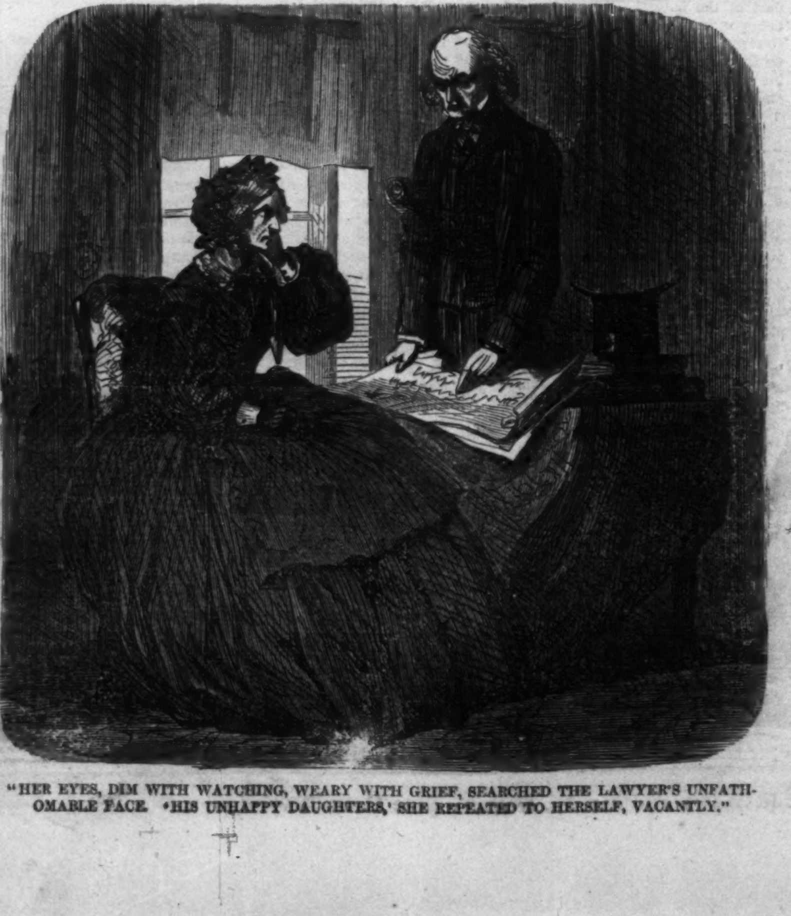
CHAPTER XIII.

"THE fortune which Mr. Vanstone possessed when you knew him" (the lawyer began) "was part, and part only, of the inheritance which fell to him on his father's death. Mr. Vanstone the elder was a manufacturer in the North of England. He married early in life; and the children of the marriage were either six or seven in number—I am not certain which. First, Michael, the eldest son, still living, and now an old man, turned seventy. Secondly, Selina, the eldest daughter, who married in after-life, and who died ten or eleven years ago. After those two came other sons and daughters whose early deaths make it unnecessary to mention them particularly. The last, and by many years the youngest of the children, was Andrew, whom I first knew, as I told you, at the age of nineteen. My father was then on the point of retiring from the active pursuit of his profession, and in succeeding to his business I also succeeded to his connection with the Vanstones as the family solicitor.

"At that time Andrew had just started in life by entering the army. After little more than a year of home-service he was ordered out with his regiment to Canada. When he quitted England he left his father and his elder brother Michael seriously at variance. I need not detain you by entering into the cause of the quarrel. I need only tell you that the elder Mr. Vanstone, with many excellent qualities, was a man of fierce and intractable temper. His eldest son had set him at defiance, under circumstances which might have justly irritated a father of far milder character; and he declared, in the most positive terms, that he would never see Michael's face again. In defiance of my entreaties, and of the entreaties of his wife, he tore up, in our presence, the will which provided for Michael's share in the paternal inheritance. Such was the family position when the younger son left home for Canada.

"Some months after Andrew's arrival with his regiment at Quebec he became acquainted with a woman of great personal attractions, who came, or said she came, from one of the Southern States of America. She obtained an immediate influence over him, and she used it to the basest purpose. You knew the easy, affectionate, trusting nature of the man in later life—you can imagine how thoughtlessly he acted on the impulses of his youth. It is useless to dwell on this lamentable part of the story. He was just twenty-one; he was blindly devoted to a worthless woman; and she led him on, with merciless cunning, till it was too late to draw back. In one word, he committed the fatal error of his life—he married her.

"She had been wise enough in her own interests to dread the influence of his brother officers, and to persuade him, up to the period of the marriage ceremony, to keep the proposed union



"HER EYES, DIM WITH WATCHING, WEARY WITH GRIEF, SEARCHED THE LAWYER'S UNFATHOMABLE FACE. 'HIS UNHAPPY DAUGHTERS,' SHE REPEATED TO HERSELF, VACANTLY."

between them a secret. She could do this, but she could not provide against the results of accident. Hardly three months had passed when a chance disclosure exposed the life she had led before her marriage. But one alternative was left to her husband—the alternative of instantly separating from her.

"The effect of the discovery on the unhappy boy—for a boy in disposition he still was—may be judged by the event which followed the exposure. One of Andrew's superior officers found him in his quarters writing to his father a confession of the disgraceful truth with a loaded pistol by his side. That officer saved the lad's life from his own hand, and hushed up the scandalous affair by a compromise. The marriage being a perfectly legal one, and the wife's misconduct prior to the ceremony giving her husband no claim to his release from her by divorce, it was only possible to appeal to her sense of her own interests. A handsome annual allowance was secured to her, on condition that she returned to the place from which she had come, that she never appeared in England, and that she ceased to use her husband's name. Other stipulations were added to these. She accepted them all, and measures were privately taken to have her well looked after in the place of her retreat. What life she led there, and whether she performed all the conditions imposed on her, I can not say. I can only tell you that she never, to my knowledge, came to England; that she never annoyed Mr. Vanstone; and that the annual allowance was paid her, through a local agent in America, to the day of her death. All that she wanted in marrying him was money, and money she got.

"In the mean time Andrew had left the regiment. Nothing would induce him to face his brother officers after what had happened. He sold out and returned to England. The first intelligence which reached him on his return was the intelligence of his father's death. He came to my office in London before going home, and there learned from my lips how the family quarrel had ended.

"The will which Mr. Vanstone the elder had destroyed in my presence had not been, so far as I knew, replaced by another. When I was sent for, in the usual course, on his death, I fully expected that the law would be left to make the customary division among his widow and his children. To my surprise a will appeared among his papers, correctly drawn and executed, and dated about a week after the period when the first will had been destroyed. He had maintained his vindictive purpose against his eldest son, and had applied to a stranger for the professional assistance which I honestly believe he was ashamed to ask for at my hands.

"It is needless to trouble you with the provisions of the will in detail. There were the widow and three surviving children to be provided for. The widow received a life-interest only in a portion of the testator's property. The remaining portion was divided between Andrew and Selina—two-thirds to the brother, one-third to the sister. On the mother's death, the money from which her income had been derived was to go to Andrew and Selina, in the same relative proportions as before—five thousand pounds having been first deducted from the sum and paid to Michael as the sole legacy left by the implacable father to his eldest son.

"Speaking in round numbers, the division of property, as settled by the will, stood thus: Before the mother's death Andrew had seventy thousand pounds; Selina had thirty-five thousand pounds; Michael had nothing. After the mother's death Michael had five thousand pounds, to set against Andrew's inheritance augmented to one hundred thousand, and Selina's inheritance increased to fifty thousand. Do not suppose that I am dwelling unnecessarily on this part of the subject. Every word I now speak bears on interests still in suspense, which vitally concern Mr. Vanstone's daughters. As we get on from past to present, keep in mind the terrible inequality of Michael's inheritance and Andrew's inheritance. The harm done by that vindictive will is, I greatly fear, not over yet.

"Andrew's first impulse, when he heard the news which I had to tell him, was worthy of the open, generous nature of the man. He at once proposed to divide his inheritance with his elder brother. But there was one serious obstacle in the way. A letter from Michael was waiting for him at my office when he came there, and that letter charged him with being the original cause of estrangement between his father and his elder brother. The efforts which he had made—bluntly and incautiously I own, but with the purest and kindest intentions, as I know—to compose the quarrel before leaving home, were perverted by the vilest misconstruction to support an accusation of treachery and falsehood which would have stung any man to the quick. Andrew felt, what I felt, that if these imputations were not withdrawn before his generous intentions toward his brother took effect—the mere fact of their execution would amount to a practical acknowledgment of the justice of Michael's charge against him. He wrote to his brother in the most forbearing terms. The answer received was as offensive as words could make it. Michael had inherited his father's temper, unredeemed by his father's better qualities: his second letter reiterated the charges contained in the first, and declared that he would only accept the offered division as an act of atonement and restitution on Andrew's part. I next wrote to the mother to use her influence. She was herself aggrieved at being left with nothing more than a life-interest in her husband's property; she sided resolutely with Michael; and she stigmatized Andrew's proposal as an attempt to bribe her eldest son into withdrawing a charge against his brother, which that brother knew to be true. After this last repulse nothing more could be done. Michael withdrew to the Continent, and his mother followed him there. She lived long enough, and saved money enough out of her income to add considerably at her death to her elder son's five thousand pounds. He had previously still further improved his pecuniary position by an advantageous marriage; and he is now passing the close of his days either in France or Switzerland—a widower with one son. We shall return to him shortly. In the mean time I need only tell you that Andrew and Michael never again met—never again communicated even by writing. To all intents and purposes they were dead to each other from those early days to the present time.

"You can now estimate what Andrew's position was when he left his profession and returned to England. Possessed of a fortune, he was alone in the world; his future destroyed at the fair outset of life; his mother and brother estranged from him; his sister lately married, with interests and hopes in which he had no share. Men of firmer mental calibre might have found refuge from such a situation as this in an absorbing intellectual pursuit. He was not capable of the effort; all the strength of his character lay in the affections he had wasted. His place in the world was that quiet place at home, with wife and children to make his life happy, which he had lost forever. To look back was more than he dare. To look forward was more than he could. In sheer despair he let his own impetuous youth drive him on, and cast himself into the lowest dissipations of a London life.

"A woman's falsehood had driven him to his ruin. A woman's love saved him at the outset of his downward career. Let us not speak of her harshly—for we laid her with him yesterday in the grave.

"You, who only knew Mrs. Vanstone in later life, when illness and sorrow and secret care had altered and saddened her, can form no adequate idea of her attractions of person and character when she was a girl of seventeen. I was with Andrew when he first met her. I had tried to rescue him, for one night at least, from degrading associates and degrading pleasures by persuading him to go with me to a ball given by one of the great City Companies. There they met. She produced a strong impression on him the moment he saw her. To me, as to him, she was a total stranger. An introduction to her, obtained in the customary manner, informed him that she was the daughter of one Mr. Blake. The rest he discovered from herself. They were partners in the dance (unobserved in that crowded ball-room) all through the evening.

"Circumstances were against her from the first. She was unhappy at home. Her family and friends occupied no recognized station in life: they were mean, underhand people, in every way unworthy of her. It was her first ball—it was the first time she had ever met with a man who had the breeding, the manners, and the conversation of a gentleman. Are these excuses for her which I have no right to make? If we have any human feeling for human weakness, surely not!

"The meeting of that night decided their future. When other meetings had followed, when the confession of her love had escaped her, he took the one course of all others (took it innocently and unconsciously) which was most dangerous to them both. His frankness and his sense of honor forbade him to deceive her: he opened his heart and told her the truth. She was a generous, impulsive girl; she had no home-ties strong enough to plead with her; she was passionately fond of him—and he had made that appeal to her pity, which, to the eternal honor of women, is the hardest of all appeals for them to resist. She saw, and saw truly, that she alone stood between him and his ruin. The last chance of his rescue hung on her decision. She decided, and saved him.

"Let me not be misunderstood; let me not be accused of trifling with the serious social question on which my narrative forces me to touch. I will defend her memory by no false reasoning—I will only speak the truth. It is the truth that she snatched him from mad excesses which must have ended in his early death. It is the truth that she restored him to that happy home-existence which you remember so tenderly—which *he* remembered so gratefully that, on the day when he was free, he made her his wife. Let strict morality claim its right, and condemn her early fault. I have read my New Testament to little purpose indeed if Christian mercy may not soften the hard sentence against her—if Christian charity may not find a plea for her memory in the love and fidelity, the suffering and the sacrifice, of her whole life.

"A few words more will bring us to a later time, and to events which have happened within your own experience.

"I need not remind you that the position in which Mr. Vanstone was now placed could lead in the end to but one result—to a disclosure, more or less inevitable, of the truth. Attempts were made to keep the hopeless misfortune of his life a secret from Miss Blake's family; and, as a matter of course, those attempts failed before the relentless scrutiny of her father and her friends. What might have happened if her relatives had been what is termed 'respectable,' I can not pretend to say. As it was, they were people who could (in the common phrase) be conveniently treated with. The only survivor of the family at the present time is a scoundrel calling himself Captain Wragge. When I tell you that he privately extorted the price of his silence from Mrs. Vanstone to the last; and when I add that his conduct presents no extraordinary exception to the conduct, in their lifetime, of the other relatives—you will understand what sort of people I had to deal with in my client's interests, and how their assumed indignation was appeased.

"Having, in the first instance, left England for Ireland, Mr. Vanstone and Miss Blake remained there afterward for some years. Girl as she was, she faced her position and its necessities without flinching. Having once resolved to sacrifice her life to the man she loved; having quieted her conscience by persuading herself that his marriage was a legal mockery, and that she was 'his wife in the sight of Heaven,' she set herself from the first to accomplish the one foremost purpose of so living with him, in the world's eye, as never to raise the suspicion that she was not his lawful wife. The women are few indeed who can not resolve firmly, scheme patiently, and act promptly, where the dearest interests of their lives are concerned. Mrs. Vanstone—she has a right now, remember, to that name—Mrs. Vanstone had more than the average share of a woman's tenacity and a woman's tact; and she took all the needful precautions, in those early days, which her husband's less ready capacity had not the art to devise—precautions to which they were largely indebted for the preservation of their secret in later times.

"Thanks to these safeguards, not a shadow of suspicion followed them when they returned to England. They first settled in Devonshire, merely because they were far removed there from that northern county in which Mr. Vanstone's family and connections had been known. On the part of his surviving relatives they had no curious investigations to dread. He was totally estranged from his mother and his elder brother. His married sister had been forbidden by her husband (who was a clergyman) to hold any communication with him from the period when he had fallen into the deplorable way of life which I have described as following his return from Canada. Other relations he had none. When he and Miss Blake left Devonshire their next change of residence was to this house. Neither courting nor avoiding notice; simply happy in themselves, in their children, and in their quiet rural life; unsuspected by the few neighbors who formed their modest circle of acquaintance to be other than what they seemed—the truth, in their case, as in the cases of many others, remained undiscovered until accident forced it into the light of day.

"If in your close intimacy with them it seems strange that they should never have betrayed themselves, let me ask you to consider the circumstances, and you will understand the apparent anomaly. Remember that they had been living as husband and wife, to all intents and purposes (except that the marriage service had not been read over them), for fifteen years before you came into the house; and bear in mind at the same time that no event occurred to disturb Mr. Vanstone's happiness in the present, to remind him of the past, or to warn him of the future, until the announcement of his wife's death reached him, in that letter from America which you saw placed in his hand. From that day forth—when a past which *he* abhorred was forced back to his memory; when a future which *she* had never dared to anticipate was placed within her reach—you will soon perceive, if you have not perceived already, that they both betrayed themselves time after time; and that your innocence of all suspicion, and their children's innocence of all suspicion, alone prevented you from discovering the truth.

"The sad story of the past is now as well known to you as to me. I have had hard words to speak. God knows I have spoken them with true sympathy for the living, with true tenderness for the memory of the dead."

He paused, turned his face a little away, and rested his head on his hand in the quiet undemonstrative manner which was natural to him. Thus far Miss Garth had only interrupted his narrative by an occasional word or by a mute token of her attention. She made no effort to conceal her tears; they fell fast and silently over her wasted cheeks as she looked up and spoke to him. "I have done you some injury, Sir, in my thoughts," she said, with a noble simplicity. "I know you better now. Let me ask your forgiveness; let me take your hand."

Those words and the action which accompanied them touched him deeply. He took her hand in silence. She was the first to speak, the first to set the example of self-control. It is one of the noble instincts of women that nothing more powerfully rouses them to struggle with their own sorrow than the sight of a man's distress. She quietly dried her tears; she quietly drew her chair round the table so as to sit nearer to him when she spoke again.

"I have been sadly broken, Mr. Pendril, by what has happened in this house," she said, "or I should have borne what you have told me better than I have borne it to-day. Will you let me ask one question before you go on? My heart aches for the children of my love—more than ever my children now. Is there no hope for their future? Are they left with no prospect but poverty before them?"

The lawyer hesitated before he answered the question.

"They are left dependent," he said, at last, "on the justice and mercy of a stranger."

"Through the misfortune of their birth?"

"Through the misfortunes which have followed the marriage of their parents."

With that startling answer he rose, took up the will from the floor, and restored it to its former position on the table between them.

"I can only place the truth before you," he resumed, "in one plain form of words. The marriage has destroyed this will, and has left Mr. Vanstone's daughters dependent on their uncle."

As he spoke the breeze stirred again among the shrubs under the window.

"On their uncle?" repeated Miss Garth. She considered for a moment, and laid her hand suddenly on Mr. Pendril's arm. "Not on Michael Vanstone!"

"Yes: on Michael Vanstone."

OUR ARMY BEFORE YORKTOWN.

On pages 280 and 281 we publish a series of pictures of Our Army before Yorktown, from sketches by our artists, Messrs. Waud and Homer. Most of these pictures need no explanation, and the less said about our works the better. But of the skirmish of 16th, at Lee's Mills, in which the gallant Vermont brigade won such glory, we take the following description from the *Tribune:*

At 6½ o'clock Companies E, F, D, and K of the 3d Vermont began the work as skirmishers, Mott's Battery supporting them with a very accurate fire of shot and shell. The Vermonters skirmished until noon, when they were relieved. Their fire had been very accurate. The rebel braggarts, who began dancing on their ramparts, and swinging their hats, and defying our troops in the customary Southern military fashion, were dropped so rapidly by the sharp-shooters as to be soon cured of this style of warfare. The four companies of the 3d laid down after dinner and thoroughly rested themselves.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon they were called up, formed into line, and told by their Colonel in a pithy speech that the work expected of them was to charge across the creek and take the enemy's intrenchments. Ayres's guns—all of the batteries, numbering 22 pieces, were under the command of their accomplished artillery officer—covered the Vermonters' advance. They marched steadily at the quick to the edge of the creek, and plunged in on the run. The water deepened unexpectedly. The men were soon wading to their breasts, their cartridge-boxes slung up on their shoulders, and their muskets held up high. The moment they entered the stream the rebels swarmed on the edge of their rifle-pit, and rained a fire of bullets on the advancing line.

The stream, as dammed, was about twelve rods wide. The Vermonters loaded and fired as they waded. Their killed and wounded began to fall from the instant of entering the water. Many of the latter were sustained by their arms and the collars of their coats, and so helped across, and laid down on the opposite side. The 3d, as soon as they emerged and got foothold, received the order to "Charge!" With a yell, with true Green Mountain ring in it, they dashed at the extended rifle-pit. At least a regiment of rebels broke from behind it, and ran into the redoubt in the rear, leaving the Vermonters in the pit.

For at least an hour they fought from here against overwhelming numbers, receiving reinforcements in that time, first of four companies of the 6th Vermont, and afterward of four companies of the 4th Vermont. They shot their foe principally through the head, and so superior was their fire, and their pluck so impressive, that the rebels moved two additional regiments into the fort, and into a flanking position on the left of the rifle-pit. Exposed now to a cross-fire as well as an increased fire in front, the Vermonters, though they wanted to stay, had to go. In good order, covering themselves behind trees, and fighting as they went, they recrossed the stream, carrying with them all their wounded whose condition at all promised survival of their hurts.

Many were now shot in the water, and drowned beyond all possibility of help. The language of a Lamoille County boy, not 16 years old, "Why, Sir, it was just like sap-boiling in that stream—the bullets fell so thick," is so expressive that I use it as a measure of intensity. These brave men having backed out of the deep water, formed on the dry land and began the fight anew, while many, not detailed, but volunteering through impulses of soldierly devotion and personal affection, dashed into the stream again and dragged out the wounded, who were clinging to the trees, and sitting with their heads just out of water.

ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

We publish on page 285 a view of Island Number Ten, which was surrendered by the rebels on April 7 to Commodore Foote. Our picture is from a sketch by our artist, Mr. Alexander Simplot. The following account of the place will be read with interest:

Arriving at No. 10 I found more than space will allow me to write. Sixty-one large guns, mounted upon a dozen batteries, would have commanded the river had it not been for the fact that they were spiked by the discomfited and surrendered rebels with rat-tail files, and the *Grampus* and other rebel gun-boats lay sunk in the river between the island and Tennessee shore. Great piles of provisions were stored upon the bank, which the Confederates, in their haste to evacuate, had failed to destroy, and tents of all descriptions, with camp paraphernalia, occupied the positions and places assigned to them at the commencement of the siege. The Hickman wharf-boat, which the rebels had stolen, lay on the inside of the island, laden with some forty thousand dollars' worth of stores of all kinds, and all in good order. Our own transports were busy taking care of the abandoned property, while our troops were engaged in securing trophies of the victory.

* * * * * *

The works upon the island are of less extent than those upon the main land, and, with the exception of the upper battery, are not so strong. The island is very high, affording fine positions for long ranges, but rendering their guns useless when closely approached, as in the instance of the gun-boats running the blockade, when they hugged the shore closely, causing the enemy's shots to pass over their decks.

No. 1. The walls of this battery are two hundred and fifty feet in length, fifteen in thickness, and eight in height. It is divided into four apartments or divisions by three gabions, square in shape, beneath which are magazines. The ends of the walls are also brought into double requisition by furnishing housing for the gunners, whose quarters were beneath. The armament consists of one eight-inch Columbiad, two thirty-two pounders, one sixty-four, one thirty-two, and one ten-inch Columbiad. The three last mentioned are spiked—being the only guns on the island that have been thus tampered with.

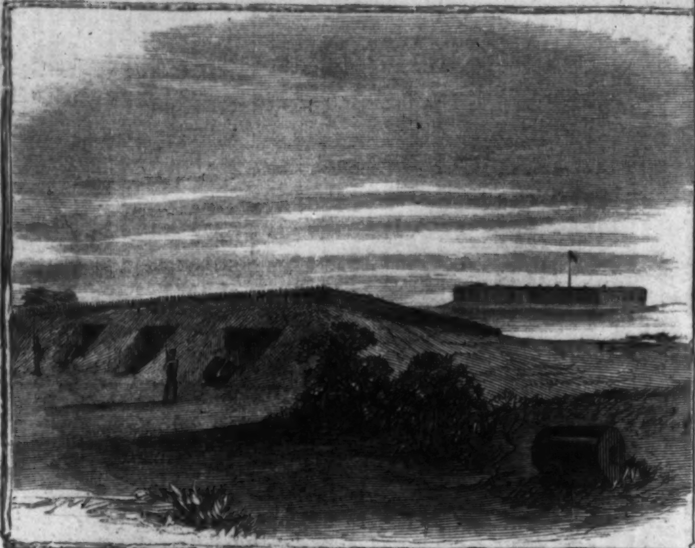
No. 2. This work is seventy-five feet long, with walls of the same nature and strength as those of No. 1. It is divided in the centre by a single gabion, which is also made to answer the purpose of a magazine. The armament is one eight-inch rifled Dahlgren, one thirty-two pounder, and two sixty-fours.

No. 3 is another angular fortification similar to the No. 6 land battery. Its walls are ten feet high and two hundred feet in extreme length. It is furnished with gabions between each gun, of which there are five mounted—viz., two sixty-fours, smooth; one eight-inch rifled Columbiad, one ten-inch Columbiad, and one eight-inch, rifled. The last gun is exploded. Back of the works are four eight-inch guns not mounted.

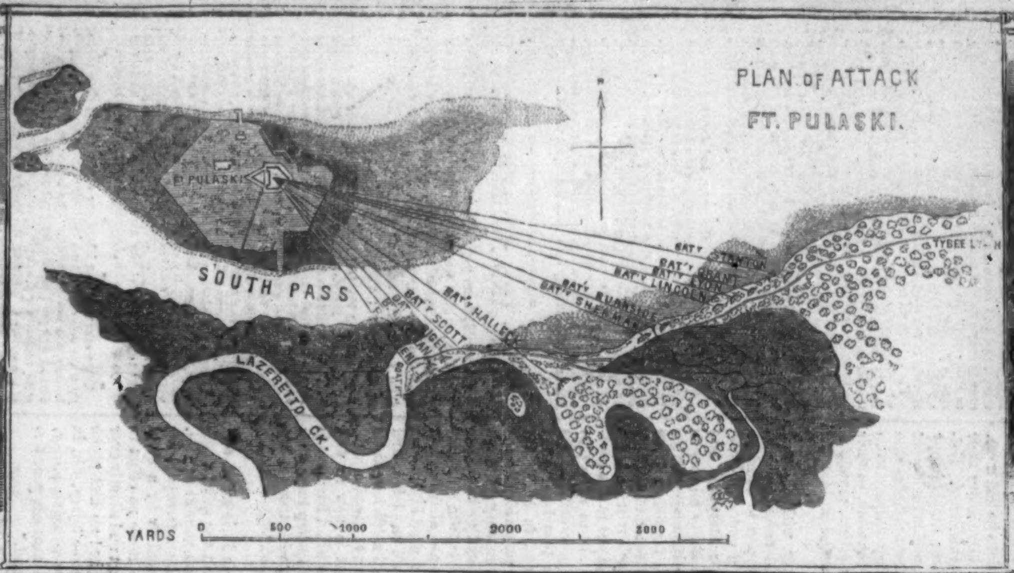
No. 4 is a new battery thrown up since the *Carondelet* run the blockade. It is yet incomplete, and mounts but two guns—one thirty-two pounder, rifled, and one eight-inch Columbiad. Another eight-inch gun is in readiness for mounting.

Adjacent to this and the other island batteries are a number of singular habitations for the gunners, composed of cellars sunk in the sandy soil and roofed over with logs, sand, and turf. Burrows for human habitations are also formed against heavy logs, composed of partial excavations, with a roof of logs and turf sloping from the ground to the top of the main log. There are other holes and burrows excavated in the banks of the island, and other safe places testify to the terrible fire of shot and shell to which the island was exposed.

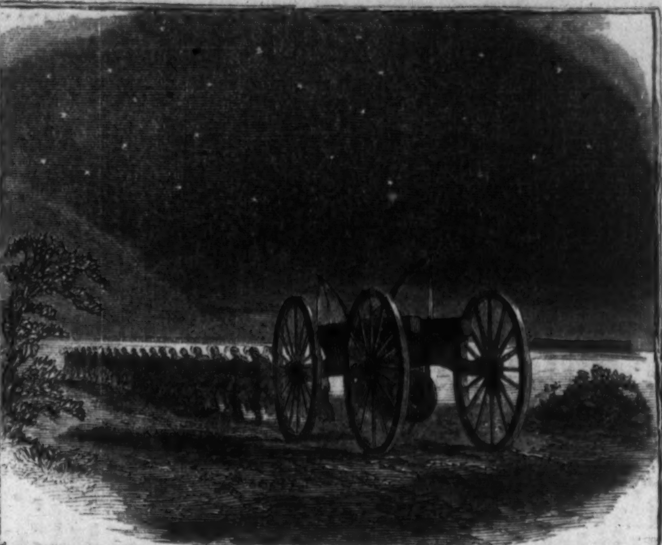
On the same page we give a picture—also from a sketch by Mr. Simplot—of the Rebel Steamers sunk opposite Island Number Ten. They have since been raised, and are now at Fort Wright, in our employ.



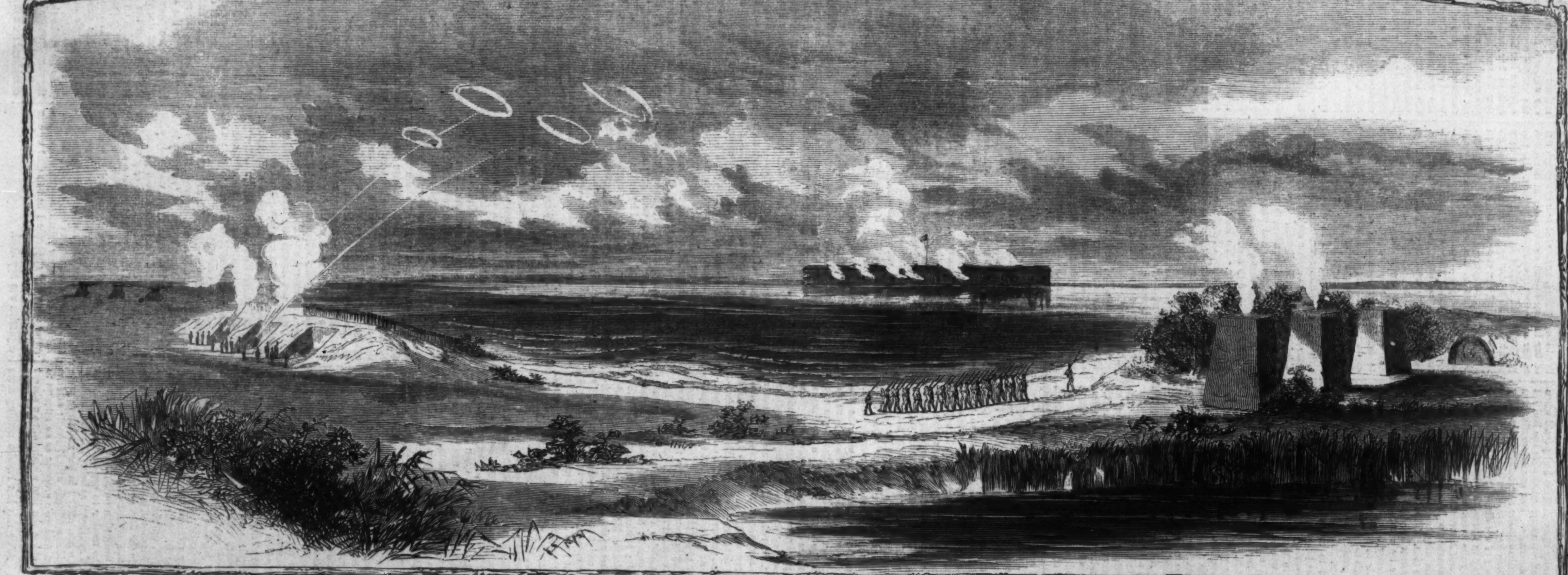
MORTAR BATTERIES ON TYBEE Iᵈ



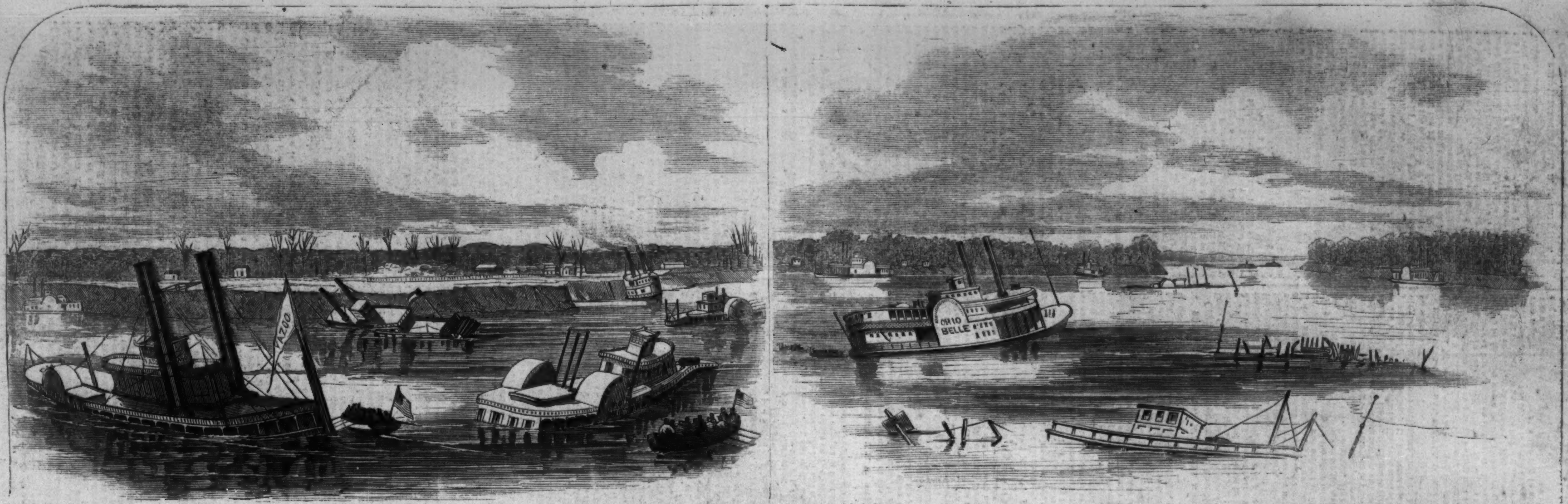
PLAN OF ATTACK
FT. PULASKI.
FT. PULASKI
SOUTH PASS
LAZERETTO CK.
BAT'Y STANTON
BAT'Y GRANT
BAT'Y LYON
BAT'Y LINCOLN
BAT'Y BURNSIDE
BAT'Y SHERMAN
BAT'Y HALLECK
BAT'Y SCOTT
SIGEL
BOAT PT.
TYBEE Lᵀ H
YARDS
0
500
1000
2000
3000



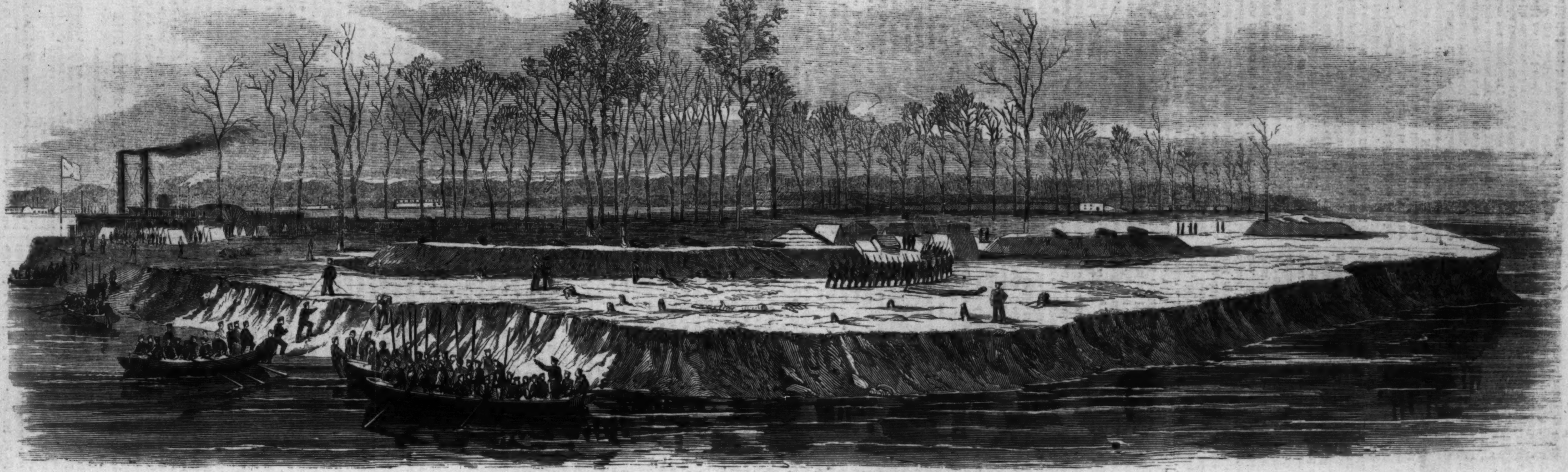
HAULING MORTARS BY NIGHT.



THE BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF FORT PULASKI, APRIL 11, 1862.—From Sketches by Lieutenant Haas and Others.—[See Page 278.]


YAZOO
OHIO BELLE
Memphis Ferry-boat Champion.
Yazoo.
Rebel Gun-boat Grampus.
John Simonds.
Red Rover.
Prince.
Admiral.
Ohio Belle.
De Soto.
Kenawha Valley.
Burned Steamer Winchester.
Mars.

VIEW OF STEAMERS SUNK BY THE REBELS BETWEEN ISLAND NUMBER TEN AND NEW MADRID.—Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.—[See Page 283.]



ISLAND NUMBER TEN AFTER THE SURRENDER.—Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.—[See Page 283.]

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

We have received several sketches of the Battle of Pittsburg Landing from our artist, Mr. H. Mosler, and three of them we reproduce on page 276. One represents the Landing at Pittsburg—a scene, as Mr. Mosler says, of unmitigated mud. Up the steep banks of the bluff here the troops of Buell's army toiled to join Grant, dragging their artillery with them; and down these bluffs, sad to state, the cowards in the raw regiments fled to seek shelter from shot and shell. Another picture shows us Shiloh Meeting-House, which was in front of General Sherman's division. The battle here raged with great fury, and at one time the wounded and dying of both armies sought refuge in the building. It is from this house that many propose to call the fight the battle of Shiloh. A third picture shows us General Buell's Army crossing Duck River at Columbia, Tennessee, on their way to join General Grant. The infantry crossed over a pontoon bridge; the cavalry and artillery forded the river, while the baggage crossed the great bridge. Columbia is a pretty little village of 3000 inhabitants.

On page 273 we publish a group of portraits of The Heroes of the Battle of Pittsburg Landing. The following sketches of the lives of the men will be read with interest:

MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Major-General Ulysses S. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clairmont County, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and entered West Point Military Academy from Ohio in 1839, where he graduated with honors in 1843, and was attached as Brevet Second Lieutenant to the Fourth infantry. He was promoted Second Lieutenant at Corpus Christi in September, 1845, and served as such through Mexico, under General Taylor at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey; and under General Scott from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and was twice promoted for his bravery. He was regimental quarter-master from April 1, 1847, and when he resigned the service on the 31st of July, 1854, he was a full Captain in the Fourth infantry of regulars. After his resignation he settled in St. Louis County, Missouri, and moved from there to Galena, Illinois, in 1860. Upon the breaking out of the present war he offered his services to Governor Yates, and was appointed Colonel of the Twenty-first regiment of Illinois Volunteers, and served with his regiment until promoted a Brigadier-General, with commission and rank from the 17th of May, 1861. He was engaged as Colonel and Acting Brigadier-General in several of the contests in Southeastern Missouri, and his course as commander of the Southeast district of Missouri has been thoroughly scrutinized; and among his most praiseworthy acts was the occupation of Paducah and stoppage of communication and supplies to the rebels *via* the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The manner in which he conducted the battle of Belmont is still fresh in our readers' minds. The rest of his course, as commander there, is too well known to be repeated here, and certain it is that his action in every instance has been applauded both by his superior officers and the people. After the capture of Fort Henry a new district was created, under the denomination of the District of West Tennessee, and General Grant was assigned by General Halleck to the command of it. He was in command of the Union forces at Fort Donelson, and his noted correspondence with General Buckner gained him the sobriquet of Unconditional Surrender Grant, answering to his initials of U. S. Grant. For the success of that action he was created a Major-General; but being unavoidably absent from the field during the earlier portion of the fight, it was reported that he was temporarily deprived of his command until the matter could be investigated. After a few days he was, however, again ordered into the field, and took the command of our forces at Pittsburg Landing. From the accounts of correspondents it does not seem that he showed much generalship, though his gallantry on the Monday undoubtedly contributed to the success of the day, and will preserve his fame among the people.

MAJOR-GENERAL D. C. BUELL.

General Buell is a native of Ohio, in which State he was born about the year 1818. He graduated at the Military Academy at West Point in 1837, and served as Second Lieutenant in the Third Infantry. He obtained the rank of First Lieutenant in June, 1846, and accompanied his regiment to Mexico. In September of the same year he was brevetted Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct at Monterey. He accompanied General Scott's army, and again distinguished himself at Cerro Gordo, Contreras, and Churubusco; was severely wounded at the latter fight, and brevetted Major for gallantry there. On his return home he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, and served in that capacity in various parts of the country. On the outbreak of the war Major Buell was active in organizing the army at Washington. On General M'Clellan's appointment to the chief command he placed General Buell in command of a division, which soon became so perfect in discipline and drill as to elicit general remark. Soon afterward it was deemed best to supersede General Sherman in the command of the army in Kentucky, and General Buell was appointed in his stead. He spent the winter in organizing his troops, and in February proceeded to move. The battle of Mill Spring and the occupation of Bowling Green were the first exploits of his troops. He occupied Nashville after the fall of Donelson, and then moved southward through Tennessee. Three of his divisions arrived at Pittsburg Landing in time to save General Grant's army.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. M'CLERNAND.

Major-General John A. M'Clernand is not a soldier by trade, but is best known to the country as a Democratic politician from Illinois. He was a leader of the Douglas Democrats, and did battle for them valiantly at Charleston. At the outbreak of the war he took sides manfully for the Union, and shortly afterward was nominated a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In the Belmont fight he manifested that he possessed very good military capacity, and during his administration of military affairs at Cairo he secured the good-will of the men under his command. In the reconnoissance in the rear of Columbus, during the advance upon Fort Henry, and at the grand battle before Fort Donelson, General M'Clernand manifested superior military ability. For his gallantry on these occasions he was, on the 21st of March, made by Congress a Major-General of Volunteers, and accompanied the advance up the Tennessee River toward Savannah. At the battle at Pittsburg Landing he distinguished himself exceedingly.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. L. WALLACE.

This gallant soldier, who fell at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, was a lawyer by trade, and a resident of Ottawa, Illinois. He first saw service in the Mexican War, in which he enlisted as a private in 1846, carrying a musket in Company I, First Regiment Illinois Volunteers, led by the lamented Hardin. A Lieutenancy and Adjutancy followed, and General Wallace was by his Colonel's side when he fell. At the outbreak of the present war he was elected Colonel of the Eleventh Illinois. For months he was Acting Brigadier and Commandant at Bird's Point, and he received his appointment and confirmation to Brigade command for gallantry at Donelson. At Pittsburg he commanded a division. He was shot on the Sunday, the ball entering below his ear and passing through his head. He was left where he fell till Monday, when he was found still living, but died shortly afterward. He has three brothers and a father-in-law in service in this war, the latter Colonel T. Lyle Dickey, of the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, his law-partner, and now attached to General Wallace's division.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL B. M. PRENTISS.

General Prentiss, who was taken prisoner at Pittsburg Landing, is an old soldier of the Mexican War. When that war broke out he volunteered as a lieutenant of the Illinois troops, and was selected by the unfortunate J. J. Hardin to act as his Adjutant. By Harden's side he fought in every battle until that gallant chieftain fell, and with his own hands he helped to dress his corpse for the last rites of humanity. During that entire campaign he was the most intimate companion of that lamented officer, and the sash which he wears now at the head of his regiment is the one which Hardin wore on that last fatal field. He is an able officer, and very popular with his men. He was a candidate for Congress in the Fifth Illinois district last year, but the Democratic majority was too much for him. At the commencement of the rebellion he stepped forth at the head of the first regiment of Illinois volunteers who volunteered for three months. The regiment was numerically known as the Tenth Illinois Volunteers, and as the Colonel was the senior officer of all the troops who occupied the dépôt at Cairo, he became Acting Brigadier-General and Commander of the post. He afterward had the full rank awarded to him, dating from May 17, 1861. His regiment re-enlisted for the war *en masse*, under Colonel Morgan. He has been engaged during the war in various parts of the State of Missouri, more recently on the Kansas border, from which post he proceeded to join the army up the Tennessee River.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

General Sherman is a native of Ohio, brother of Senator John Sherman. He graduated at West Point in 1840, standing No. 6 in his class, in which were Generals Van Vleit, George H. Thomas, and others of the Union army, and General M'Cown, of the rebels, recently a commander at Island No. 10. On the 1st of July, 1840, he was promoted to a Second Lieutenancy of the Third Artillery, and on the 30th of November, 1841, was further promoted to a First Lieutenancy. He was acting as Assistant Adjutant-General in the Tenth Military Department in 1847, and was brevetted Captain for meritorious services in California during the war with Mexico. His brevet was awarded in March, 1851, and dated from May 30, 1848. He was next appointed Commissary of Subsistence, with rank of Captain, dating from September, 1850. He resigned the service on the 6th of September, 1853. On the 17th of May, 1861, he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and when General Anderson requested to be relieved was appointed to the command of the army in Kentucky. He was subsequently superseded by General Buell, and removed to the command of the force at Sedalia. After a short time he was again removed and placed on the non-active list. General Halleck has since recalled him into active life and ordered him to join General Grant.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NELSON.

General Nelson is a native of Kentucky and about forty years of age. He entered the United States Navy at manhood and served twelve years at sea. When the rebellion broke out he offered his services to Government, and was detailed to command the Ohio River fleet of gunboats. His extensive acquaintance with the people of Kentucky, and his large relationship in that State, pointed to him as a proper person, during the bad health of General Anderson, to be sent into Kentucky to sound the loyal sentiment of that State, and to strengthen it. Accordingly, as early as April, he went thither and began the formation of a camp and the recruiting of troops at a point between Garrardsville and Danville, since known as “Camp Dick Robinson.” Some time afterward, Colonel George H. Thomas, of the Second cavalry, proceeded thither, having received the appointment of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and assumed the command. General Nelson was then ordered to form a camp at Washington, Mason County, Kentucky, for the enlistment of troops. To fine natural abilities and large experience in arms he adds great energy of character and fine judgment of men. He it was who ordered the arrest of Stanton, Casto, & Co., though they were old friends and companions. He does not recognize any relationships in life when duty demands their prostration or sacrifice. His brother, Thomas Nelson, of Indiana, is our present Minister to Chili, and his brother-in-law, J. Monroe Stockton, Postmaster at Maysville.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN.

General Crittenden is a native of Kentucky, and a son of John J. Crittenden. His brother George is a rebel, and commanded the rebel force at Mill Spring. When the rebels took up arms in Kentucky, General T. L. Crittenden was empowered to take command, and at the head of the Home Guard started for Muldraugh's Hill and effectively checked the advance of the rebels on Louisville. Since that time he has been actively engaged in the field under General Buell. His commission of Brigadier-General dates from September 27, 1861.

ACTING BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. W. SWEENY.

Colonel Sweeny, who was wounded at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and distingished himself, is an Irishman by birth, but came to this country when a child. He was bred a printer, but volunteered when the Mexican war broke out, and was chosen Second Lieutenant in Burnett's regiment. He was at the storming of Vera Cruz, and was with the army up to the City of Mexico. He was twice wounded in the battle of Churubusco—once so severely that he had to lose his right arm. On Colonel Sweeny's return to this city in March, 1848, he received the commission of Second Lieutenant in the Second Regiment of United States infantry, and was soon afterward ordered to California, where he performed many arduous duties. From California, he, with a portion of his regiment, was ordered to Fort Pierre, in Northern Nebraska, where he served as aid to General Harney. In June, 1851, he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy. At the commencement of the rebellion Colonel Sweeny, who was then a Captain of the Second United States infantry, having obtained that rank on the 19th of January 1861, was ordered to Newport barracks, and soon afterward to the command of the St. Louis Arsenal, previous to General Lyon taking the command. He was also second in command at the surrender of the notorious rebel Claib. Jackson, and was afterward appointed Colonel and acting Brigadier-General of the three months' Missouri volunteers. Previous to the battle of Wilson's Creek, where it was decided not to attack the rebel General Price, General Sweeny was so impressed that a retreat would be worse than a defeat that he prevailed on General Lyon to make the attack. In that battle he was again wounded, and still carries the ball in his limb.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL M'DOWELL M'COOK.

General M'Cook, who distinguished himself at Pittsburg, comes of the fighting family of M'Cooks of Columbiana County, Ohio. He was born April 22, 1831; was appointed to West Point in 1848, and graduated in 1852. He was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Third Infantry, and ordered to the Department of New Mexico. He took an active part in all the prominent Indian campaigns in that department up to February, 1858, when he was ordered to West Point, where he served as principal assistant-instructor in infantry tactics, and also in the art of war, until the fall of Sumter. He then applied for permission to take the field, and was ordered to his native State to muster in volunteers for the three months' service. On his thirtieth birthday he was elected and commissioned Colonel of the First Ohio Volunteers. He commanded this regiment at the battle of Bull Run, where it formed part of Schenck's Brigade. He returned to Ohio with the regiment, mustered it out of the service, and recruited it again at Dayton, Ohio. He was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers September 3, 1861, and ordered to the Department of the Cumberland. He has since commanded a division under Buell, and arrived at Pittsburg in time to be of great service.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU.

General Rousseau, who is reported for gallantry at Pittsburg, is a Kentuckian, of Huguenot descent. His father died when he was young, leaving him to educate himself. In 1840 he removed near Louisville, and began the study of law without an instructor. Subsequently he settled in Indiana, where he was elected successively to the State Legislature and Senate. He commanded a company in the Mexican war, and fought gallantly at the battle of Buena Vista. In 1849 he returned to Louisville, and rose rapidly to distinction at a bar rich in ability. He was a member of the Kentucky State Senate at the time our present national troubles began, and immediately took a bold and decided stand in favor of the Government. In June, 1861, he resigned his seat in the Senate, and applied for a commission to raise volunteers. Against the remonstrances and determined opposition of nearly all the prominent men of Kentucky, he succeeded in raising two splendid regiments, composed entirely of Kentuckians, called the Louisville Legion. It was those troops, aided by a battalion of Home Guards from Louisville, that saved that city from falling into the hands of the rebels. General Rousseau was soon promoted to be Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and has since served under Buell.

THE GHOST-DEAD-BELL.

“It is now over two years since I was quartered with my regiment in Vienna. Among the acquaintances which I formed there was a young nobleman who was in the Imperial Guard, the Baron Von Steingraff. He was the sole descendant of an ancient Styrian family, that had lived for centuries in an old castle not far from Saltzburg. A finer-hearted fellow could not be found in his Imperial Majesty's dominions, nor a better soldier in his army than Friederich. Frank and gay as a companion, he was a favorite with his own sex; and a good figure, to say nothing of a good property, made him not unacceptable with old mammas and young daughters. Friederich, however, seemed to be no marrying man, though he had nothing misogynistic in his nature. When our intimacy had grown into friendship, I happened to banter him upon the subject of matrimony, naming a young lady who was evidently not unfavorably disposed to him. But Friederich assured me gravely that he had resolved never to marry. ‘Not,’ said he, ‘that I have any disinclination to the state, but that I have long felt the conviction that fate had forbidden me to enter into it.’

“Then he told me how, when a child, a Zigeunerinn, or gipsy woman from Bohemia, had met him in the wood near the Schloss, and looked into his hand, and said to him, ‘Ach! jung Herr, when you go to marry a wife take heed. The way to God's altar lies through God's acre!’

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘that was a safe prophecy. A man can not well get to the church door till he walks through the church-yard.’

“‘Oh,’ he replied, ‘that was not the woman's meaning. If she spoke true, either I or she, whom I would make my wife, should not live for the bridal day. At all events the belief has so grown with my growth that I can not now reject it. And so I will never endanger my own life or that of one whom I could love well enough to marry. And now, my dear friend, let us never speak on this subject again.’

“Of course we never did; and the matter was soon entirely forgotten by me.

“A year passed by, and I was far away in the north of Germany, when I got a letter from the Baron Von Steingraff. It announced that he had proposed for a young lady in his own country, was accepted, and would shortly be married. ‘My destiny,’ he continued, ‘whatever it be, I must work out; and I could not resist the attractions of my little Roeschen. So come to me as soon as you can. Who knows but your interpretation of the gipsy's prophecy may be the true one?’

“I laughed heartily as I closed the letter. The old story—old as Adam. Woman's tongue has overcome man's resolve. Pretty young Roeschen has beaten the withered old gipsy out of the field; and so saying I prepared for my journey, and was *en route* the following morning.

“The close of a lovely autumn day found me on the road between Salzburg and St. Gilgen, where it skirts the picturesque little lake of Mondsee, so snugly embosomed in precipitous hills clothed with the pine and the larch. Not far from this stood the Schloss of my friend, built close to the ruins of a suppressed monastery, and pleasantly sheltered by the dark forest upon which the evening sun was now glinting. Thither I worked my way, rather slowly, for the approach was steep and circuitous, so that by the time I stood at the heavy door-way the sun had set and the large mass of building was lying in gloom. My visit did not seem to be expected, for I had to knock many times and loudly upon the thick oaken portal before any one came to my summons. At last the door was opened by a man who looked more like a holzknecht or woodsman of the district than a servitor of a well-ordered establishment. He had a lamp in his hand, and appeared flurried. I stated who I was, and desired him to conduct me to his master. To this he made no reply, but shaking his head, motioned me to follow him. We crossed the great hall and entered a small chamber, where the man set down the light and disappeared. ‘A strange welcome,’ thought I, ‘from an intended bridegroom for his best man;’ and I looked around me. The room was comfortably furnished: there were cases well filled with books; guns, rods, spears, and hunting gear were hanging from the wall, and an escritoire stood near the fire-place; but no cheerful fire was glowing there—a few half burned pine logs lay upon the iron dogs on the hearth. When I had completed my survey an old serving man entered, and a few words solved the mystery. The day his master had written to me he was suddenly seized with illness, and he was now in the eighth day struggling with fever, and was delirious. The doctor of the neighboring town of St. Gilgen, who was in attendance, had just left him for a short time, declaring that the case was almost hopeless, but that the crisis, which would occur that night, would determine his fate.

“I need not say how this intelligence shocked me. I desired to be shown to the chamber of my poor friend, and announced that I would wait the issue whatever it might be. Messieurs, it is a trying thing to stand beside one whom you last saw in health and strength of mind and body, and to witness a poor shattered being, with flushed face, a burning lip, and a glazed eye, tossing and raving; whose hand does not return your clasp, whose ear does not recognize your words of love, whose eye looks vacantly upon you. I sat down overwhelmed with emotion. From time to time, through his wild raving, I could distinguish words which told how the bewildered spirit wrestled, as it were, with the horrible phantoms of his disordered brain; with what appalling incongruity did he mingle the scenes of the charnel vault and the bridal chamber, now calling on his bride to wrap her grave-clothes around her, and in a moment after, with a wild laugh, bidding the sexton to pledge him in a skull of wine. But I must not dwell on this painful subject. When I returned to the small apartment I had first entered I found all necessary arrangements made for my comfort, but I determined to watch through the night which was to decide all. I felt, however, too nervous and agitated to remain alone, so I entreated the old butler to bear me company. By degrees we became quite familiar. The doctor had returned and sat by the bedside of his patient, who was gradually growing tranquil and lethargic. It wanted now more than an hour of midnight; old Klaus threw a fresh log on the fire, and filled my glass from the flask of Hungarian wine that he had placed beside me. I could do no less than return the compliment; and as the good old soul drank it sorrowfully to the recovery of his master the tear stood in his eye, and he fairly sobbed aloud. I spoke a word of comfort to the poor fellow.

“‘Alas! Herr Kauptmann,’ said he, ‘my mind misgives me sadly. I am afraid every moment that I shall hear the Geistertodenglocke—God protect us!’

“‘The Geistertodenglocke?’ I asked, ‘what is that, Klaus?’

“‘Ach! Herr Kauptmann, what an old fool I am. I forgot you could know nothing about it.’

“A little pressing got it all out; for grief with men of his class is talkative.

“‘I suppose, Sir,’ said he, beginning his story, ‘that you observed the old monastery near the castle as you came up this evening.’

“‘I did, Klaus, a fine old ruin, with the bell-tower.’

“‘Ay, a ruin now, Sir; but it was once a grand and a holy place, with its lord, abbot, and monks, and broad, rich lands. Well, Sir, a long time ago—I don't know how many hundred years since—the Baron Steingraff of that day—he lived then in the old castle higher up the hills above the Krötensee—had a quarrel with the abbot. The Baron was a fierce and a haughty man, that cared little about church or priest, and the abbot was as haughty in his own way, so the feud grew deadlier every day. At last the abbot swore on the holy relics of St. Wolfgang that he would excommunicate the Baron; and the Baron swore upon the cross of his sword-hilt that he would tear the frock off the abbot's back, and drive him and his monks out of the monastery. The abbot was as good as his word; and so, upon the feast of the blessed St. Wolfgang, he and all his monks walked in procession through the church up to the high altar, and the great book was opened and the anathemas read, and then the bell was tolled, and the lighting candles were extinguished, and so the Baron was excommunicated. Well, the bell was still tolling, and the priests were on their way back down the aisle when the shouts of the Baron and his wild men-at-arms, and jägers, and holzknechts rang at the walls, and sledges and great pine beams were battering at the gate. Short work they made of it. One mad fellow seized a splinter of pine-wood, and he lit it at the altar, and then he fired the panels and the roof, and the dry wood was all soon in a blaze. The Baron, as if possessed by an evil spirit, seized the bell-rope and rung out a wild peal of triumph; but the abbot walked up to him, dressed in all his robes, and holding up his hands, cursed him in the name of the Blessed Trinity, and he said—“*As the spirit of the Evil one peals that bell now by your hands, so shall he peal it when the soul passes from the body of you, and of your son, and of your son's son, in sæcula sæculorum, Amen!*” So saying, the abbot called all his monks, and they went their way down to the lake of Aber; and they built a new monastery where the church of St. Wolfgang now stands. The Baron seized the monastery lands and held them too, for might was right in those days, and built the present castle hard by the ruins of the monastery, lest the abbot and his retainers should rally and seek to regain their old possessions. But they never did, for the abbot was not overloved in the country, besides the Baron was too powerful to be lightly meddled with.

“‘Time passed on, and the Baron had well-nigh forgotten that abbot or monk had ever dwelt within the old blackened walls. One wild winter's night the Baron sat with his retainers in the great hall drinking and reveling, as was their wont. The wind howled in gusts fitfully, and in the pauses a loud knocking was heard at the oaken door, the very door by which you entered this evening, Herr Kauptmann. The Thurhüter, when he opened the door, saw no one, though the moon was that moment shining through the drift of the clouds, but he felt a cold blast sweep across his face. So he shut the door again, and thought it must have been the storm that had deceived him. The next moment those in the hall saw a monk in a black habit, with his cowl drawn over his head, enter and walk up to where the Baron was sitting. Then the monk threw back his hood, and an old withered face, ghastly pale, but stern and fierce, gazed on the Baron.

“‘Tausend sakerment!’ shouted the Baron, starting up in a rage; ‘dog of an abbot what brings you here? Trundle out the shaveling, and set the hounds upon him.’

“‘The abbot raised his skinny arm, and said in a hollow and solemn voice, “This night twenty years you and I met last. I am on my way to the abbey, follow me.”

“‘The abbot retired as he came, no one daring to hinder him.

“‘Zum henker! to the hangman with him,’ cried the Baron, choking with rage, and springing after him. That moment the old bell pealed out with a wild clang from the tower. The Baron in his haste tripped over a stool and fell to the ground. When they lifted him up he was dead. 'Twas said he died of a fit. Maybe so. But that very night one of the holzknechts returning to the village from the *Riesen* up in the hills where he had been working, declared that as he passed the tower he heard the old bell pealing, and saw a procession of monks following a bier, and disappearing within the ruins. Next morning tidings came that the old abbot had died the day before at St. Wolfgang's, but where or when he was buried nobody ever knew.'

"Old Klaus paused to take breath.

"'A strange, wild story,' I remarked, as I filled his glass. 'Has the ghost-bell been ever heard since that time, Klaus?'

"'I heard my father say, when I was a little boy, that no lord of Steingraff ever died at home here that the Geistertodenglocke was not heard tolling as his soul passed from his body.'

"'Pray did you ever hear it yourself, Klaus? You must remember when the old lord died?'

"'To be sure I do. 'Tis now over twenty years; but he died at Vienna, where he was in attendance upon the Emperor Franz. If he had died at home I should have heard the bell, I warrant you.'

"This strange tale affected me more than I cared to acknowledge. I am not naturally credulous, but the shock I had received, added to the weariness of a journey of several days, had, I suppose, somewhat shaken my nerves. I stole up once more to the sick-room. Friederich still slept heavily. To my inquiry the physician answered with a shake of his head,

"'Tis the sleep, I fear, that will wake in death. An hour will decide; but be prepared for the worst.'

"I returned to the chamber below, and sat down very sadly. The thought of the young girl whose cup of happiness was, in all probability, so soon to be dashed from her hand, came upon me. Then I questioned old Klaus, and learned that she was all her lover could desire. Since his illness she had entreated to be permitted to attend upon him, but her request was denied; and intelligence was constantly transmitted to her of the state of the young Baron.

"'Ah, Herr Kauptmann,' said Klaus, 'should my lord not recover, I fear it will go hard with the young lady. There will be two burials instead of one bridal; and two noble houses will come to an end, for each is an only child.'

"Our conversation gradually flagged, in spite of our efforts to keep it alive. The dark, still, solemn night deepened around us. There was not a sound to be heard, within or without, except the ticking of the clock in the great hall. How sharply every beat smote upon my ear, meting out to me, as it seemed, the life of one whose existence was now measured by minutes, not hours, or days, or years. How slowly and painfully the moments of that sad night wore on. I shall never forget it, were I to live through a thousand lives. Poor old Klaus at last dozed off in his chair. The suspense became intolerable. I rose and paced the room. A book lay open upon a little table, as if some one had been reading it recently. I took it up: it was the Bible; and I read the fourteenth verse of the fourth chapter of the Epistle of St. James: '*Die ihr nicht wisset was morgen seyn wird. Denn was ist euer leben? Ein Dampf ist es, der eine kleine Zeitwähret, darnach aber verschwindet er.*' Then I felt, indeed, both the uncertainty and the transitoriness of life. That we know not what shall be on the morrow. That life is as a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and passeth away. I laid down the book. The clock struck, ringing out upon the silence, and I counted the strokes—*one, two*—up to twelve. Then all was silent again. The night wore past; what shall the morrow bring forth? Who shall tell?

"'Lord have mercy upon us,' cried old Klaus, waking from his sleep; 'DIE GEISTERTODENGLOCKE!'

"A clang of a bell smote upon my ear, wild, fitful, and irregular, not as human hands would ring it; now loud and quick the peals, now faint and slow. I rushed from the room, and in a moment was in the Baron's chamber. The physician stood by the bedside; his hand was on the patient's heart. I read all in his face. 'It is all over,' said he; 'he is dead.'"

The narrator ceased speaking, and covered his eyes with his hands, as if overcome by his feelings.

"Ah! how sad and how strange. And what became, pray, of the poor young lady?" asked our host; "did she die?"

"By no means," answered the other, "she married before the year was out."

"Peste! what a heartless jade," cried our host, indignantly.

"Pardon, Monsieur," returned the story-teller, gravely. "There never was a truer heart than little Roeschen's; I had the pleasure of being at her wedding."

"What! and your friend the Baron not cold in his grave."

"I should think not. On the contrary, he was present on the occasion, and any thing but cold. Messieurs will permit me to explain. It turned out that the Baron was not dead, but in a trance, which lasted for many hours. When he awoke the fever had passed away. He recovered in due time, and led his little Roeschen to the altar, walking through the church-yard to the church door, and so fulfilling the gipsy's prophecy."

"Well, but the Geistertodenglocke. How do you account for that?" asked our host.

"Oh! nothing easier. You must know that the bell in the tower was used on ordinary occasions to summon the serfs and retainers to work and to meals. It happened that a part of the bell-rope had been broken a few days before I arrived, and was mended by a rope of twisted hay. The door of the tower had been left open on the night of my vigil, and it so chanced that a cow strayed in and commenced to eat the hay rope, and by her efforts set the bell tolling—that's all."

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" in hand and in Bank	10,846 76	
" in hands of Agents	8,035 93	
All other investments	54,401 36	
Office Furniture	494 17	
Interest accrued	315 00	
		$234,343 22

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All other claims	1,406 94	3,461 14
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